AMELIA PEABODY TILESTON

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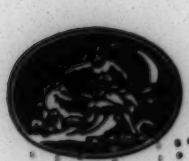
Amelia Peabody Tileston

and her

Canteens for the Serbs



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BOSTON
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

P. 11. 8909.1

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PREFACE

THIS little volume is a memorial of Amelia Peabody Tileston and her work for the Serbians. I am giving a brief outline of her life, preceded by a sketch of the experiences of Serbia during the World War, drawn from various sources, and followed by selections from her letters from the Balkans from 1916 to 1920. It is meant to keep her in remembrance, and also the bravery, the sufferings, and the needs of the nation in which she was so deeply interested.

MARY WILDER TILESTON

CONTENTS

Serbia in the World War	1
Amelia Peabody Tileston	13
Letters of 1915	43
Letters of 1916	51
Letters of 1917	66
District Visiting in Macedonia	87
Letters of 1918	108
Letters of 1919	134
Letters of 1920	163
Memorial Service	171
Tributes to her Memory	185

Grateful acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Ruth S. Farnam, author of "A Nation at Bay," and Messrs. Bobbs-Merrill Company, the publishers, for their kindness in permitting the use in this book of the photograph of Miss Emily Simmonds.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Amelia Peabody Tileston . . . . . *Frontispiece*
Amelia Peabody Tileston 16
Amelia Peabody Tileston 20
Refugees at Vodena 34
Emily Simmonds 58
Refugees at Vodena 78
Children's Camp at Avala 144
Hotel Bregalnitza. Emily Simmonds and the Seven Workers in Front 152
American Free Canteen 161
Amelia's Room and Svetozar 167

SERBIA IN THE WORLD WAR

SERBIA IN THE WORLD WAR

After the fatal battle of Kossovo, June 28, 1389, Serbia was under the iron rule of the Turks for nearly five hundred years, until finally freed by the Treaty of Berlin, 1878. She had kept her love of country and longing for freedom through all those weary centuries, and rejoiced in throwing off the yoke at last.

In the early autumn of 1912, she united with Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro in the Balkan League against Turkey, and, in a few weeks, the campaign ended in overwhelming victory, and much Turkish territory was divided among the members of the League. In 1913, Bulgaria, dissatisfied with the portion awarded her by the Treaty of London, made secret preparations, and, at the end of June, suddenly attacked her late Serbian and Greek allies. Roumania joined them before long, and Bulgaria was obliged to surrender.

Serbia was involved in war again, in 1914, for the third time within three years. Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Hapsburg

throne, and his morganatic wife, were assassinated, under mysterious circumstances, in the streets of Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, June 28, 1914. On July 28, the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Belgrade handed to the Serbian Government an ultimatum asserting that Serbia had been aware that these murders were being planned, and was responsible for them, and making many extreme demands for redress. All these were granted except the last one, which would have involved the surrender of her independent sovereignty, and this Serbia offered to lay before the Hague Tribunal. The Austrian Minister departed at once, breaking off diplomatic relations, and his government immediately declared war, and suddenly bombarded the defenceless city of Belgrade, the capital, on July 30. The Serbian ministry, and the diplomatic corps and other officials, had previously left the city, and had made Nish the seat of government. By August 24, the Austro-Hungarian army had been driven from their soil. A second invasion was attempted in September, and again the enemy were driven back. In November, the Austrians made a

third attempt, and entered Belgrade in triumph early in December. The Serbs were now provided by the Allies with munitions, which were sorely needed, and, by desperate fighting, they drove the invaders, who were many times their number, out of their country, and took sixty thousand prisoners. There were great rejoicings at that Christmas season, and peace reigned for many months, but they little knew the terrible experiences which were before them.

The cruelties of the Austrians and Hungarians in their first and subsequent retreats were indescribably horrible, especially their treatment of women. In an official report upon these atrocities, it is said that the outrages committed against the civil population were even more dreadful than those in Belgium. Whole villages were destroyed, many victims were dreadfully mutilated before being killed, and many were burned alive.

The Austrian prisoners who had been taken were a source of untold suffering to Serbia. Scattered through the country, they spread far and wide the terrible typhus fever with which many of them were infected. It raged

for three or four months, being nearly over about the end of April. Its ravages were like those of the Black Death in the Middle Ages. It is said that, at first, about eighty per cent died of those who were attacked; later, the percentage was reduced to twenty per cent, but over seventy thousand died. Nearly a third of the Serbian doctors died, and two-thirds of the remainder had the fever. Serbia cried for help to her Allies, and soon British, French, and Russian units were hurried to her assistance, and America, also, sent relief. Many of these doctors, orderlies, and nurses fell victims in their turn.

During this spring of 1915, Germany and Austria were preparing to attempt to cut their way to Constantinople through Serbia, and the Serbs, knowing that they could not resist them effectually alone, applied to the Allies for help. If the latter had reinforced the Serbian army of two hundred and fifty thousand men with as many more British and French soldiers, which was all that was asked, the whole course of events might have been different. The Greeks would probably have joined them, and

the Roumanians also; Bulgaria would not have dared to join the Central Powers, the situation in the Dardanelles would have been relieved, and the war might have ended in a few weeks or months. But the Allies were under a fatal delusion about Bulgaria, believing that she would soon join their cause, and supply the military aid needed, herself.

Three hundred thousand Austro-German troops began an assault on the Danube frontier, and four hundred thousand Bulgarians poured in from the east. The Serbian army fought with wonderful heroism, but could not stand against the long-distance guns of the enemy; and, being out-numbered nearly three to one, and not having sufficient ammunition, it was forced to retreat. By great military skill, this retreat was saved from becoming a rout, but it involved untold sufferings.

It was the retreat not only of the army, but of a large number of the Serbian people. An endless stream of refugees poured along the road. Thousands of women and children, old men and babies, driven from their homes by fear of the cruel, advancing enemy, were mingled

with the army in their difficult journey through the almost impassable mountains of Montenegro and Albania. Day after day, and week after week, they plodded on painfully, over passes five thousand feet high, among mountains eight thousand feet in height, through deep mud and snow, more and more dying from the constantly increasing cold, the greater and greater deficiency of food, and the exhausting fatigue of the journey. Of the thirty thousand boys who were with them, less than half survived to reach the Albanian coast, and only five or six thousand lived to arrive at their final place of refuge. The Italian navy transported the army to Corfu, and the refugees were taken to Corsica, and southern France.

Many thousand Serbian soldiers died after reaching Corfu, in consequence of the hardships they had undergone. The little neighboring island of Vido, the quarantine camp of the sick, was called the "Island of Death," so great was the mortality there, especially after a severe epidemic of cholera developed.

The army had a period of comparative rest for several months, and, by April, 1916, they

began to return to the field to take up their difficult task. Between early April and June, a hundred thousand in number, they were transported to the Macedonian front, where, at Salonika, they joined the Franco-British troops of over three hundred thousand men, Italian and Russian contingents being added by the end of July. The whole was called the Army of the Orient. The post of honor, and the most difficult part of the whole front, was assigned to the Serbian army. The campaign began in August, and, by tremendous efforts, and heroic fighting, under Field Marshal Mishitch, they succeeded in taking the town of Monastir, November 19, 1916, and were once more in Serbia. But, for nearly two years, they were unable to drive the enemy from the heights above the town, from which the Bulgarians continually bombed it, causing great destruction of life and buildings, and the campaign settled into trench warfare, with no essential gains on either side.

For nearly three years, the Bulgarians treated the civil population of Serbia with incredible cruelty, and the Serbs were rapidly perishing

from starvation and brutal treatment. The Austrians, also, oppressed them most unmercifully. The invaders requisitioned all the materials of production, and machinery, robbed the peasants of their horses, oxen, carts, cattle, poultry, and every kind of farming and household utensils, took possession of the harvests, and crushed the people by enormous taxes. They deported and interned very large numbers of civilians, leaving their families hopelessly destitute. It was said that more than eighty thousand men perished from disease, cold, hunger, and hard labor in the Austrian and Hungarian prison camps. Thirty thousand men, women, and children were deported from three provinces, and interned in Asia Minor. Eight thousand women and young girls were destined to be delivered to the Turks, but many of them, preferring death, threw themselves from the trains.

In March, 1918, after Field Marshal Foch had taken command of all the Allied forces, he ordered the Army of the Orient to prepare for a general offensive. They fought with great vigor and success, and on the 29th of September,

the Bulgarians begged for an armistice. On October 12, the Army of the Orient captured Nish, which cut the Berlin-Constantinople railway, and Turkey sued for peace, a few days later. Austria soon did the same, leaving Germany alone, and she, too, asked for an armistice, which was granted November 11, 1918.

After this, for some time, the condition of Serbia was even worse than before, as the enemy had carried off everything that he could take, and had destroyed what he could not remove. The country is gradually recovering, but it will need sympathy, and intelligent, generous assistance for some time to come. Medical, agricultural, and educational help, and relief for the hundreds of thousands of fatherless children, are among its most urgent needs.

AMELIA PEABODY TILESTON

AMELIA PEABODY TILESTON

Amelia Peabody Tileston was born on October 30, 1872, in Dorchester, Massachusetts. She was the fourth of the seven children of John Boies Tileston and Mary Wilder Foote. When she was two years old, her father bought a farm in Concord, Massachusetts, where the family lived for eight years. It was a milk farm of two hundred acres, on the slope of Punkatasset Hill, running down to the Concord River, and it gave the children the freedom and varied interests of country life. Amelia was a very pretty and intelligent child, with blue eyes and golden hair, full of energy and spirit.

After 1882, when the farm was sold, they lived for a few years in Salem, and then in Brookline, where she enjoyed greatly the companionship of other children, which she had not had before. In Brookline, she went to Miss Baker's school, and then, from Milton, to which town the family moved in 1889, she went to St. Agnes' School in Albany for a

year, and, afterwards, to Miss Folsom's School in Boston.

She made her first trip to Europe in 1895, and went abroad many times afterward. She was especially fond of Italy, its scenery and art, and people; and of Cortina, in the Tyrol, where she took long tramps through the beautiful mountain country — very different from her fatiguing foot-journeys in her work in the Balkans.

A friend writes, "I met her in London in the summer of 1895, on her first visit to Europe, when she was twenty-two years old, and I was interested to note the impression she made upon my English friends.

"Her personality was striking and her charm rare. With what may be called a wealth of golden hair, daintily piquant features, clear blue eyes, and delicate coloring, she was a vivid figure that drew all eyes. Gifted with unusual vigor of body and mind, her expression was always alert and challenging, and her wit lighted up every conversation in which she shared.

"One of the most striking things about her

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was her love for honesty of character, and its reverse, a scorn for hypocrisy and sham. With evil that frankly confessed itself as such, there might be some dealing; but woe to the sinner masquerading as the saint — in her presence his sense of security fled, and her scorn, when it broke, was deadly and uncompromising.

"Inevitably, as time passed on, she became more conscious of the needless suffering, and the seeming injustices of life, and of the inadequacy of the forces that work for correction. But her spirit remained undaunted. No task was too small for her patience, none too large for her courage, and resourcefulness. The 'instant need of things' sent its clear call to her. Her methods were direct and forceful, short-cutting the devious paths of officialdom when possible (or even impossible!), making enemies, creating great and immortal friendships.

"When the Great War came, with its impelling cry to natures such as hers, she gave a service disciplined in patience, trained in endurance, eager in love and hope. There are such natures; but few of them stand up under the agony and disillusionment of the war as

did hers. All that she was she carried with her to the very gates of death."

Another friend writes, "I wish that I could express something of the impression that Amelia always made on me. It would take a skilful pen indeed to adequately picture her — her spirit, vivid and sparkling, was like a brilliant bird that flashes before one's eyes, and is gone in the shadows of the forest.

"She never ceased to delight and sometimes baffle me; and yet when I stopped trying to analyze her and simply loved her, as I did indeed, and well she knew it, she then showed herself as simple as she was complex, as gentle and compassionate as she was critical and severe. I used to feel almost bewildered by the complicated way in which she often reacted to what was happening. And yet her nature was peculiarly simple and direct. In spite of her great gifts of mind and heart, she seemed, much of the time, to lack the power to happily and naturally express them. She could be a torrent of contradictions all in one breath, and would misrepresent herself cruelly in much that she said and did. She was so superbly honest,

and always thrust the worst foot foremost with such conscientious care.

"How she did talk sometimes! It was almost impossible to keep pace with her lightning thought and wit. 'Do go more slowly, Amelia; I want to hear what you are saying.' 'Lucky to miss it,' she would flash back, with one of her quick smiles. Great depths of tenderness were hers, and love of truth, and courage, and endurance to fight a good fight.

"It is well to think of her body resting among the Serbians for whom she died. 'I like the Serbian peasant. He is simple and honest, and loves the right things.' I think those were her very words when speaking to me, last summer, of choosing to work for them. Her always beautiful eyes, that had grown so charged with expression, must have brought courage and reassurance to many a weary sufferer. Her whole being sprang to the challenge of Serbia's need. Her great heart had found a home."

After her father's death in 1898, she went abroad for a year with her mother and three of her sisters. On their return, they lived in

Boston for eight years, and returned to Milton in the autumn of 1907.

When living in town, she used to take dogs from the Animal Rescue League to walk,— a small act of kindness, but she had great sympathy with animals as well as human beings.

Early in 1903, she took a three months' training course in nursing in subacute and chronic cases, under Miss Isabel Strong. The practical part was given at the bedside, in the Roxbury and South Boston districts, most of it among the very poor; and a very wide range of cases was given this particular class. Among those whom she nursed were some whom she visited and helped to the end of her life. This training was of immense value to her later, when she was among people who had no medical help or advice.

In 1905 and 1907, she worked in Day Camps for tuberculous patients. The first Day Camp in America for these was opened in July, 1905, on Parker Hill, under the auspices of the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis, in charge of Dr. David Townsend. He writes, "Miss Tileston came from the Society

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to the Camp, and continued her visits right through the season, which ended in October, helping by her kindly interest, ready sympathy, and quiet courage, to make the patients happy and cheerful; a most important feature in their care and treatment. Her kind attentions she carried to the homes of the patients, where they were appreciated.

"In the third year of the Camp, from June, 1907, to February, 1908, at the Mattapan Hospital, Miss Tileston was of great assistance in building and keeping up the morale of the Camp, making frequent and regular visits. At the Christmas tree, her enthusiasm and efforts contributed greatly to the happiness of the patients. She brought many articles, sweaters, mufflers, toys and books, carried twenty pounds of candy, herself, from town, and helped to decorate the tree and distribute the gifts. Her great sympathy and genuine interest in the welfare of the patients, especially the children, created an atmosphere of rest and cheer which aided much in their recuperation."

She labored to the point of exhaustion to relieve the distress caused by the Chelsea Fire

in April, 1908. In October of the same year, she went to New York, and stayed there for five months, working under Miss Jessie Belyea, under the direction of Dr. Theodore C. Janeway, in a Special Employment Bureau for the Handicapped. She was in the tuberculosis section, and one part of her work was to visit business offices continually, to try to find employment for the men, which was difficult to accomplish. The Bureau was discontinued after that winter.

In March, 1912, after the death of her youngest sister, Eleanor, she went to New Haven, and did Social Service work there in the New Haven General Hospital, under Miss Belyea, for eight months. Her sister Margaret, Mrs. David Linn Edsall, died in the following November, and Amelia took charge of her household until the spring of 1914.

When the World War began, in August, 1914, she felt the urgent call to help to relieve the suffering which ensued, and she went in October to England, where she worked for a month in the Anglo-American Hospital in Paignton, Devonshire, doing night-duty, but

she found it was abundantly supplied with nurses. Then, having been joined by Miss Belyea, she did relief work for Belgian refugees in London and Paris, but found both places overcrowded with workers. They went to Italy in January, 1915, and the disastrous earthquake, which caused so much distress, occurred a week after they reached Rome. They wanted to help in the ravaged districts, but could not obtain permission to do so. While they were in Rome, they were told of the great suffering and need in Serbia, where typhus fever had been raging for a number of weeks. They went there early in February, hoping to be of real assistance, but circumstances beyond their control obliged them to give up their undertaking, most reluctantly.

They went to Athens next, having letters to Venizelos, through whom they hoped to find useful work to do, but his ministry fell the very day they landed at the Piræus. Queen Sophia heard of their arrival, and sent for them in order to ask about a number of details of nursing in America, as she was interested in building and running a new hospital in Athens.

She wished, also, to send some Greek girls to the United States to learn to be nurses. Amelia was shocked at the scorn with which she spoke of her Greek subjects, while giving the most unbounded praise to her beloved Germans.

Miss Belyea and she went next to India, where they had reason to think that they could be useful, but they found, when they arrived there, that it was not practicable. They returned to America by way of Java, China, and Japan, reaching home in September, 1915.

That autumn brought overwhelming disaster to the Serbian army, and they were driven out of their country by the Austrians and Bulgarians. Then followed their terrible retreat over the Montenegrin and Albanian Mountains, and then the transportation of the army and of the refugees to Corfu, and other places of refuge.

Amelia was much depressed during that winter, 1915-1916, while living at home in Brookline, by intense sympathy with the Serbian sufferings, and the great difficulties in the way of going to their aid, and she tried in many ways to help them. She collected money for

the Serbs in various ways. As she thought that many would be willing to give small sums — as in the case of the Salvation Army — she obtained a license from the city to station men with contribution-boxes on the Common, and in Harvard Square, for the four weeks before Christmas. She got the men from the Wayfarers' Lodge, and this helped, also, the needy men, more or less handicapped, to whom she gave employment. She studied the Serbian grammar assiduously, through the long evenings, to prepare herself for usefulness, when the opportunity should arrive.

She sailed for Europe March 3, 1916, and spent several months endeavoring to reach a point where she could help them. While waiting, she nursed for a month at a hospital in Florence, and for another month in a hospital on the road up to Fiesole, during the hot weather, when many nurses were away. At last, October 30, 1916, she succeeded in reaching Salonika, and joined Miss Emily Simmonds, who had been working for the Serbians from the beginning of the war. A few weeks after the capture of Monastir by the Serbians on Novem-

ber 19, 1916, Miss Simmonds and she went to a dressing station at the front for two months. After this, they gave relief to many hundred refugees at Vodena for a number of weeks. While there, Amelia started a canteen for Serbian troops returning to the front from the hospital, and, about the middle of May, went to Vladova, where she established another, and, from that time on, she continued this kind of work.

She came home for two months in the spring of 1919, largely for the purpose of arousing fresh interest in Serbia. It was her first visit to America since March, 1916; it was not a period of rest, but of constant activity and fatigue.

She sailed for Europe July 10, and on her arrival joined Miss Simmonds for two months in taking charge of a camp at Avala, ten miles from Belgrade, for four hundred poor children. After it closed on the first of October, she started a large canteen in Belgrade, with Miss Simmonds's help, for the demobilized soldiers returning to their homes. She intended to carry it on till April, when the need would

probably be over, and then to return home, but she died of pneumonia, on Sunday, February 22, 1920.

From Charlotte Wiggin to Mary W. Tileston.

AMERICAN MISSION, VELES, SERBIA,
June 30, 1920.

My dear Mrs. Tileston: Thank you very much for your letter of May 10th. Indeed I should have liked to be able to attend the service in King's Chapel.

You asked me to tell you what I could of Miss Tileston's life out there. I first knew her last August, when she and Miss Simmonds were running the Children's Fresh Air Camp, started by the British, at Avala. There were a dozen or fifteen big tents on a sunny hillside, with room for about four hundred children. Children were sent out in batches, several hundred at a time, from the Belgrade public schools, to spend a fortnight in the country, after their four years shut up in the city. She had charge of the clothing supplies, of the children's mess tents, and of our mess, in addition to which she found countless ways of

occupying herself, and of being of use to different individuals.

After the Avala camp closed in October, she and Miss Simmonds went to Belgrade, and when I next heard of them (characteristically, Miss Tileston was writing on behalf of a homeless little boy she had befriended), they were running a soldiers' canteen near the station at Belgrade, for the benefit of the troops who were constantly coming and going through the city. When I came up to Belgrade in January, Miss Tileston was running this alone, and she seemed to have countless beneficiaries besides the soldiers. Besides what she did in the canteen, and in her own quarters, where people were coming constantly to her for help, she was getting up at four each day to start the fire for making the great can of tea, which she had her man carry over to the station for distribution to the wretched soldiers going off on the early military train. Besides the tea, she carried over cigarettes, socks, gloves, or whatever else she had been able to secure, to give to the poorest and neediest among that needy crowd.

I have so many vivid pictures of your daugh-

ter that I wish very much I could set them down for you to see as vividly: — bending over bundles of children's clothes on a steep hillside at Avala, the fierce sun beating down on her as she stood, calm and unruffled, the centre of a mob of eager little girls, just going to the bathing-tent for Saturday baths, and each intent on having exactly the right and the prettiest garment from the piles of new clothes before them: managing and supplementing the inefficient women helpers in the dining-pavilions, or hurrying down the hillside to test the cocoa, or to hurry up the soldier cooks in the field-kitchen, where the children's food was prepared: bending over the stove in our kitchen (when old Babba proved good for nothing but dish-washing, Miss Tileston donned an apron, opened a cook-book, and did wonders in feeding the six or eight people composing the mess): graciously presiding at the table in our mess-tent, joint hostess with Miss Simmonds to all sorts and conditions of men,— English officers and N.C.O.'s, Serbian officers and men, foreign relief workers seeking aid and advice, convalescents from Belgrade in need of a change of

air, Serbian government officials — all sorts of people came and went in a never-ending stream, and all received a sympathetic welcome from Miss Tileston — as well as much help.

In the winter-time at Belgrade, in her little apartment near the railroad station, on the second floor of the abandoned hotel which the government had turned into tenements for the poor and needy, I found her still giving with both hands — downstairs in her canteen, where soldiers on their way to and from trains found hot tea and a clean, warm room to sit in, and at night a place to sleep in — or upstairs, in her little kitchen, receiving people all day long, giving them of her stores of material comforts, woollen mufflers, socks, cigarettes, tea, food, children's clothing, whatever she was able to secure from any source — and giving always even more largely of her unfailing stores of sympathy and large-minded understanding. She must have been a godsend to the people in the house through that hard winter, as well as to numberless broken-down soldiers, sick or maimed, on their way back to civil life, whom she was always at special pains to help.

I shall never forget the aspect of three of the people I saw in the apartment — a dishevelled, hysterical woman in great distress of mind, coming in for the comfort of receiving a word of sympathy: a white-faced ravenous little boy, from the next apartment, to whom part of the luncheon pudding went as a matter of course: an old, consumptive soldier, thinly dressed in a torn uniform, and without an overcoat, going away cheered and comforted, not so much by the cigarettes in his pocket, or by the broad muffler carefully arranged over his chest, as by the kind hands that had tucked in the cigarettes, and arranged the muffler. I shall not soon forget, either, the look of contentment on Miss Tileston's own face, as she told me about the Christmas party she had been able to give for the forty children in the house, with new clothes, and even shoes, I think, for them all, in consequence of which all the children I saw in the building were substantially dressed in stout, heavy clothes.

The last picture I have of her is also the most vivid — the station platform dimly lighted by a couple of lamps, crowded with indescribably

shabby, tired soldiers in the chill of a raw January morning, and Miss Tileston, lantern in hand, standing beside her soldier, superintending the distribution of tea to the men from the great can which she herself had started heating that morning at four; the tea exhausted, she came forward to the car reserved for invalids, to give them each a couple of cigarettes. I was struck again that morning as I had been so often before by the extent to which she always managed to give something of herself to everybody whom she helped in any way. When one is doing relief work day by day, it is always possible, of course, to be gracious, but to treat each person as an *individual*, to give to each a good measure of warm sympathy and understanding, is not at all easy, and I have never seen anybody who always seemed able to do this to such an extent as Miss Tileston; the soldiers, especially, she treated with a mixture of graciousness and camaraderie that was wonderfully attractive, and that won instant response and confidence from them, and seemed, too, to give real significance to the pretty name they gave us there, "Sestra," "Sister." But

whether it be as "Sestra," or as "Gospodgitsa Amelia," that they think of her out there, the remembrance of her and of her kindly helpfulness will endure among them for a very long time to come, of that I feel certain.

For myself, I am beyond words glad to have known her, and to have had that month with her at Avala. I not only grew to love and admire her very deeply for what she did and the way she did it, but besides everything else she was such a wonderful companion — her humor, her delicious reminiscences of things and people, her bigness, her whole-heartedness, and her sincerity combined to make a very delightful whole. I cannot tell you what a deep sense of personal loss I have felt, nor how much poorer a place the world suddenly seemed when I heard of her death.

Miss Emily Simmonds wrote on June 27th, 1920: "Amelia came to me at Salonika in October, 1916, and helped me for some weeks, as a volunteer, getting Red Cross supplies out of the Salonika Customs into our storehouse for distribution to the refugees of Monastir,

when it should fall. While waiting for this, we went up to the front, by request of the Medical Chief of the Serbian Army, and worked at the First Field Hospital of the Moravska Division. She stayed there until March, 1917, while I went up to Brod, about eighteen miles distant, to look after the children who were in the re-occupied territory, as I knew the language. In March we were asked by the Red Cross to start a camp for the refugees from Monastir at Vodena. We got our supplies up from the Red Cross Magazine at Salonika, by train, and had about five hundred old men, women, and children to feed, clothe, and house. We did this all alone, with the help of some Serbs, until May, 1917. We then had the idea of opening a kind of rest station for the soldiers on their way to the front. I got her the supplies for several months ahead, left her some money which I had in hand for special work, wherever it might be needed, and got her started, and then came home for three months, as I had already been out two and a half years. She carried on this canteen at Vladova for nearly a year, with two soldiers who had been

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REFUGEES AT VODENA

with me for a long time before going to her. I had had them officially attached to her, and they were thoroughly reliable. Their names were Jovan Mitrovitch and Milerad Gligorovitch, whom we called *Cheecha*.[1]

"As the route to the front then changed, she closed this canteen in February, 1918, and opened another at once at Vertekop, at the Stalne Logor, which was the official military station where soldiers spent the night, on their way from the different hospitals back to the fighting line, which was then seventy kilometers [2] distant from there. They had to walk all this distance, after spending the previous twenty-four hours in the train from Salonika, where all the base hospitals were stationed. Here they received only their ration of bread, so Amelia at once got permission to buy supplies at the army supply depot, and cooked a hot meal for the men at night, and gave them tea and cigarettes in the morning when they left. Also, she obtained a supply of quinine

[1] *Cheecha* is a word of kindliness or affection,— meaning "Uncle,"—given to old soldiers.

[2] A kilometer is about five-eighths of a mile. Seventy kilometers are about forty-four miles.

from Salonika, and gave it to the men, half of whom were suffering from the tropical malaria, which was everywhere in Macedonia, and they could not get any quinine until they reached their own dressing station. She carried this on till October, 1918, when came the big offensive into Serbia.

"In the meantime, she was asked by the Honorable Mrs. Haverfield, and Miss Sandes, to co-operate with them, as they had collected a good deal of money in England to open other canteens for Serbian soldiers. She left Milerad Gligorovitch in charge at Vertekop with two other soldiers, and went up to Petalini to the First Serbian Army, with Jovan Mitrovitch, and opened a canteen there for the Moravska Division, and another for the Dunavska Division, with supplies sent out by the Sandes-Haverfield outfit. This was in February, 1918. She ran these until April, when Miss MacGlade, a friend of Miss Sandes, came out and took charge. She then went to the Second Serbian Army at Gosturian, and opened a canteen for the Timotchka Division, and one at Subotska for the Vardarska Division; and whenever the

Army moved, or wherever there was the greatest need, she opened a canteen. These she ran until October, 1918, as well as the one at Vertekop. Jovan was with her all the time, and Milerad in charge at Vertekop, until October, 1918, when he rejoined her at Subotska.

"When the great offensive came in October, 1918, she closed the three canteens, and accompanied the Second Army into Serbia, and, at Skoplye, opened another large canteen for the men of both Armies. The weather was very cold, and her help was very much appreciated at this hard time. She also got supplies for the wounded men who were left behind in the hospital, absolutely destitute. She got milk, cocoa, sugar, and so forth, on an automobile, but the road was so bad that it all had to be transferred to ox-carts, and she, herself, walked.

"It was here, too, that she cared for two hundred Italian prisoners, who had been captured by the Bulgars, but were now free, and in a pitiable state, with no one to look after them. She bought bread for them, which saved the lives of many of them, at a time when every-

thing was so disorganized that there seemed no one but her to do these much needed things.

"From Skoplye, she accompanied the Second Army as far as Charchak, where, in November, 1918, she opened another canteen for the soldiers, and there again she helped the wounded who had been left behind in the local hospital, many of whom had contracted Spanish influenza, which was then raging, as well as suffering from their wounds. In fact, the whole town had it very badly, but she did not take it. It was here, too, that she helped the local orphanage of sixty-five children, who were in a very bad condition.

"In January, 1919, she joined me in Belgrade, and spent two weeks resting, as she was suffering from malaria. I persuaded her to go home, which she promised to do after closing the canteen at Charchak. She went home in April and returned late in July, and helped me run a children's camp at Avala until October. Then I helped her to open and start her canteen in Belgrade, opposite the station. Svetozar was our chief dependence in this, and he had charge of it during the weeks after her death, until it

was closed. I joined up with the Red Cross in January, 1920, as there was not then enough work for both of us, and she promised to be ready to go home by the first of April, as we had decided that, when the demobilization was over, there would be no further need of canteens. The demobilization was finished in March, so she saw her work through.

"She was the pioneer in canteen work for the Serbs. The Sandes-Haverfield canteens were the only others. We never had a Y. M. C. A., and the various Red Cross units confined themselves wholly to hospital and refugee work. She worked alone, using money of her own and that which was contributed by friends and relatives. She was not connected with the Serbian Red Cross, but was with and under the Serbian Army, without pay, the same as myself, as a volunteer for any work there might be to do in their jurisdiction. We had honorary rank as officers, that is, we drew officers' rations and quarters and were treated just the same as themselves. She had a military funeral, and was buried with full honors."

LETTERS OF
AMELIA PEABODY TILESTON
1915–1920

THE following letters were written hastily and briefly, sometimes in pencil, and hardly legible, but the simple story has an interest of its own. The long letters, one about her visit to Serbia early in 1915, and the letter called "District Visiting in Macedonia," were written to a friend, to be read to people interested in Serbia. Miss Emily Simmonds told Amelia, one of the last times she talked with her, that, when she returned to America, she ought to write an account of her experiences, as she was the only American woman in the Balkans who had lived with and for the Serbs, and Amelia said that she would do so. Therefore, it seems right to give these records, imperfect and fragmentary though they are. A number of her letters were probably lost in submarine disasters, and irregular mails, so that there are many gaps in the story.

1915

To Marion W. Abbot.

NISH, SERVIA,[1] *February* 18, 1915.

Dear Marion: You may be interested to know how things are here, where we have come in consequence of the urgent appeal of the Servian Military Attaché in Rome, who begged us, with tears in his eyes, to go to Servia, as he said the soldiers were dying for want of proper care.

We came over on the boat with Sir Ralph Paget, who has been Ambassador to Servia, and who came out to do relief work, and to be near his wife. She has run a hospital in Uskub, working very hard ever since the beginning of the war. They are both tremendously admired and trusted by the Servians.

Servia is about as big as New York State, and Salonika, the Greek port, is a hundred and seventy-five miles from Nish, the temporary capital. Owing to the train being greatly over-

[1] She says "Servia" and "Servians" until she reaches Macedonia, Nov. 2, 1916, and after that it is always "Serbia" and "Serbians."

loaded, we took twenty-four hours to make the trip. It is the only way to reach Russia from the south, and the train was packed with Russians going home. As there was neither light nor heat, and everything had just been washed with carbolic, in a futile effort to kill the insects which carry typhus, we were most uncomfortable. Typhus is raging all over Servia. Out of the sixty thousand Austrian prisoners [who brought the disease there] they say that twenty thousand have already died.

We saw the most pitiful wrecks of Servian soldiers at the railway stations. They looked like living skeletons, for there is no commissariat, and they have to find food where they can. It was a very cold day, with snow, and a bitter wind. The soldiers mostly had no hats or overcoats, a bit of sacking did duty for both. Of course, they had no mufflers or mittens. Generally, they were without shoes or stockings; pieces of rags were used instead. I had been seeing the well-clad, and almost overfed, English and French soldiers, and the contrast was one of the most heart-breaking things that I have ever seen.

We stopped at Ghevgelia for two hours, and had a long talk with Dr. Donnelly, one of the American Red Cross Unit there. He said that they had a most trying time, endeavoring to clean up, to clear of insects, and so forth, the old tobacco factory, which was their chief hospital. There was no running water. Belgrade is about the only place that has that, and the wells were polluted. I asked if the Servians made as wonderful recoveries as the English soldiers. He replied that, on the contrary, the mortality was very high, as they were so thoroughly exhausted by cold and hunger that they succumbed very easily. He said that they made ideal patients, as they were absolutely uncomplaining, patient, and touchingly grateful. Dr. Donnelly had typhus a few weeks later, and has died.

Nish is most fearfully crowded with refugees, soldiers, government officials, and so forth, and there are a hundred and twenty thousand people in it instead of the usual eighteen thousand. Every hotel is crammed to the doors, and it is very hard to get a lodging anywhere. We spent several hours going from house to house where

they had been known to take lodgers. At last, we fortunately got a room in the house of a nice peasant family, next to the American Consul. The King's nephew, the Ambassador to Turkey, had lodged where we were, and we had his room. He returned unexpectedly, and we were about to be turned out into a much smaller room, but he very kindly said that he would take the small room instead. We take our meals in the best restaurant in Nish. It's a *very* primitive place, and is used as barracks for the soldiers at night. The place is packed with soldiers and officers, the only other women being two or three Servians, but we are never bothered in any way. We were able to go out at any hour with perfect safety, and met with the greatest courtesy everywhere.

The Servians are a very thrifty, industrious, and sober people. I have seen no drinking since I came. They are also most democratic, officers and men being on the friendliest of terms. I was told that if an officer was shot, the soldiers would at once dash out and bring him in. They are the bravest soldiers in Europe. They know that they are fighting for

their homes and their families, and die rather than surrender.

The American Consul was also acting Consul for Germany and Austria, and we were able to help distribute relief to some of the Austrian prisoners. They were allowed to go freely about the streets, and I have often seen Servian women give money to them.

The head of the Red Cross, Colonel Suboditch, took us over his head-quarters. They have a big staff of volunteer workers, who keep all the accounts, answer letters about the prisoners, send information if they die, and so forth. He told us that, in the morning, there had been only eight cents in the exchequer. He introduced a very nice boy of twelve as a veteran collector of war relief funds, as he had collected in three wars! His father had been killed, and his mother was dead, so Colonel Suboditch, who had just lost his only child, from typhus, was taking care of him. Colonel Suboditch was most kind, and helped us in every way in aiding the sick prisoners.

Food is getting scarce, and prices are very high, so that we see many people who look

more than half starved. They are overcome with gratitude if they are given anything, and can hardly thank one without tears. I was trying to encourage some one about the typhus situation, and said that I was sure that, as soon as America knew the dire need, she would send help to Servia. He exclaimed, "But America has done so much already! We cannot ask her to do any more!"

The condition of the sick is most pitiable, as there are not half buildings enough to house them properly. Many have no beds, but lie on straw, packed like sardines. They have no clean linen, as they have had no change of underwear in six months. There aren't half enough doctors, as so many have died, and they haven't adequate nourishment. Some of the so-called "hospitals" are like Dante's *Inferno*, as a result of the lack of all medical necessities.

There are very few carriages, and ox-carts are the usual mode of conveyance. The roads are, almost all, very bad. We frequently saw an ox-cart going slowly along the muddy road, a peasant woman walking beside it, while inside, lying on straw, would be her husband, dying of

typhus, on his way to the hospital. The cart has no springs, and as the jolting must be very trying under any circumstances, to a sick person it must be positive agony.

As typhus is spread by insects, it is very hard to guard against it. The doctors have been very brave, volunteering to go to hospitals, when they knew that they were almost certain to die. The mortality is from sixty to eighty per cent. There have been many heroic efforts to help, one of the bravest being that of an English woman doctor, a Dr. Ross. She came from Persia, having heard of the epidemic, and had charge of a big barn "hospital," with two thousand patients, and no one to help her, except when the peasant women came in now and then. She struggled bravely for two weeks, and then fell ill with typhus and died — a martyr of the rarest type.

Another very sad case was of two young American doctors who were in Valjevo, the most infected place of all, where the horses had not been buried since the last battle there, weeks before. One of them fell ill with the milder type of recurring typhus, and, when he was re-

covering, the other got the most virulent eruptive sort. The convalescent took care of his friend for three days and nights, and then, being exhausted, fell asleep. He awoke to find his friend lying dead on the floor, as, when he arose in delirium, his heart gave out, and he died instantly. Save for the help of the Austrian prisoners, and a few peasant women, they had worked quite unaided.

One must admire the Servians greatly, for their patriotism, courage, patience and industry, but one loves them for their simplicity, their gratitude, and open-hearted kindness. They have been fighting for nearly three years, and are almost bankrupt. Could you help me in getting aid for them? They need *everything*, clothing, blankets, woollen "comforts" for the soldiers, condensed milk for the sick and the babies, all the necessities of life. They have fought a wonderful fight, and we, of our abundance, ought to help the little nation which is aiding our cause by fighting against the tyranny of militarism.

Most sincerely yours,

AMELIA PEABODY TILESTON

1916

[Amelia sailed for Europe early in March, 1916. Miss Emily Simmonds, a Red Cross Nurse, who had worked for the relief of Serbia since the autumn of 1914, wrote to her, asking her to join her in Corfu or Serbia. She was delayed for months by many obstacles, but succeeded in reaching her at last.]

To Marion W. Abbot

ROME, *March* 23.

I have waited till I had something definite to say before writing. I expect to get off for Corfu in a few days, via Marseilles. The Servian soldiers are there, while men, women, and children are in Corsica. I have run from Embassy to Embassy for information, and, at last, hope it will be decided properly. As for needs, for the present there is plenty of money in hand here to get supplies for all the refugees. *If*, or *when*, the Austrians allow us to go into Servia to feed them, there will be most tremen-

dous need of money, and so forth. I have asked about my getting in, but it is considered impossible. If I find that Corsica is well taken care of, I shall make a desperate effort to reach Servia itself. I pine to open that trunk of supplies, and begin real work!

To Marion W. Abbot

FLORENCE, *June* 1.

After hunting Servians for weeks, I am temporarily at the American hospital here. I have applied for permission to get in to Servia, but I think that the answer will be "No." I hear that there are no helpers needed in Corsica, as English Quakers are doing that work, but I shall write to find out. It is impossible to get information of any kind except on the spot — and the world has so many spots!

I was able to give the clothes and the mufflers, and so forth, to refugees in Switzerland, and some to those in Rome. The rest of the things I am holding in hopes of getting in touch with the neediest Servians. Shall I give them to Italians if I can't get Servians?

To Helen T. Chickering

FLORENCE, *June* 6, 1916.

I am, at present, at the American Hospital in Florence. There are a hundred and twenty beds in a "transformed" villa, with a lovely garden. I live at a pension next door, where there are two other workers, one American, and the other an English girl. As I am on night-duty, I see no one except in my one night off duty. The Italian soldiers are dear boys, full of fun and politeness and gratitude. I am waiting to get an answer from Vienna, as to whether I can go to Servia. I was told before that it would probably be a month before I had a reply, and, as I expected to be able to work in Corfu, I couldn't waste a month in Berne. I think the month that I have agreed to stay will be my only one here.

To Marion W. Abbot

FLORENCE, *August* 8.

I was very glad to hear from you, but I'm sorry that you are tired. Don't over-do, for any cause. You, yourself, are the best of

causes — and effects! There is still the possibility that I may go to Salonika, in which case the trunk will care for Servians — and the Servians for it! Otherwise, I shall gladden the Italians with its contents. I am now at an Italian hospital, as they were terribly short of nurses through the hot weather. They are all sick, not wounded, and consequently not so interesting to the volunteer nurse. A Servian has just come who was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and then re-taken by the Italians. He speaks only Servian, so my slight knowledge of it has been useful. I told him to-day that the Allies were advancing into Servia, and his joy was pathetic. Every one is very good to him, as his situation is so forlorn, and he is very grateful.

I congratulate you on your engineering a really serious work for the Allies, without appearing yourself.

It has been very hot, but it's better now, and the showers are saving the vineyards. The Italians are very good to their prisoners, giving them more than they do to their own soldiers. I'm sure that the war will soon be over.

To Mary W. Tileston

ROME, *October* 15.

On Wednesday, I received a cable from the Red Cross nurse, Miss Simmonds, telling me to come immediately to Athens. Red tape and lack of transportation are delaying me, but I hope to be off this week. As she told me that, when Servia was re-entered by the Allies, there would be a lot to do, distributing supplies, and so forth, I imagine this will be my work. I am delighted at the prospect of at last getting some real work, where I can use my own judgment. But I'm very impatient to begin, and the cable was eight days coming, so "immediately" will be rather slow. It's lovely weather here, like October in America, only warmer in the middle of the day. I shall probably stay several months in Athens, or way stations, if the work is important. Otherwise, I shall not stay long.

To Mary W. Tileston

ROME, *October* 19.

I expect to get off to-morrow, and to sail on Monday. For three days I've done nothing but haunt Consulates. I made a pair of

wristers while I waited at the French Consulate. I'm anxious to get off, as this hanging about and uncertainty are very trying. I'll write as soon as I land.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *October* 30. (Post-card.)

I arrived safely yesterday, two days behind time. Don't know yet just what I shall do, as there are rumors that Miss Simmonds is lost on boat sunk by submarine.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *November* 2.

Here I am safe and sound, with Miss Simmonds, after months of trying to join her. She has arrived safely, the boat following hers having been sunk. We shall be here about a week, to get some freight from the Red Cross collected, and put in the store-house, and so forth. She has been asked by the Serbians to help with the wounded, the only woman whom they will have, and I am to be her assistant. It is a wonderful opportunity for me, as at last I shall really have hard work to do.

We have a Serbian servant, whom she has had for the last year, and who, having been a tailor, has made over one of her khaki suits for me. I'm getting two pairs of big boots, and that's about all I need.

The trunk that Marion Abbot packed for me has, at last, been of use, and is going to be of the greatest assistance in helping out with things we can't get here. I shall probably stay four or five months, as less would be of no use. Don't worry if you don't hear often, as the mails are most irregular.

To Marion W. Abbot

SALONIKA, *November* 11.

At last, after months of trying to get here, and working in hospitals in Italy meanwhile, I am in touch with work for Serbians. The American Consul in Athens telegraphed for me to come out and join Miss Simmonds, a Red Cross nurse, whose letter in the Red Cross Magazine for April you may have read. I arrived safely, after just missing a submarine by three-quarters of an hour, thanks to wireless warnings. The boat after mine was torpedoed,

and a hundred and twenty people drowned. Miss Simmonds has been asked by the Serbian officials to go to the front, with me as her assistant. She is the only woman whom they will allow to go there, because she has done such wonderful work for two years for the Serbians that they worship her, and have unbounded confidence in her capabilities. She has received four decorations from Serbia.

We are starting in a few days, as soon as some Red Cross supplies can be stored, sorted, and so forth. It is getting very cold, the snow already being quite deep, so all warm comforts for the men would be most welcome.

Salonika is a most interesting place now, and, if one had nothing to do, one could spend weeks just watching the people pass, and never tire of the ever-varying panorama. The old Turkish parts of the town are really fascinating, and Salonika itself is most beautifully situated, directly opposite Mount Olympus. I wish that I might tell you all the things that I have heard, but war talk is quite forbidden. When Serbia is opened up by the Allies, there will be endless supplies needed. Just at pres-

EMILY SIMMONDS

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ent, warm things for the troops are the most necessary articles. That monstrous trunk, after behaving like the Wandering Jew, has turned out to be the Good Samaritan that I always knew that it was.

[Private.]

Dearest Marion: By the way, don't tell the family that I'm actually at the front, as I'm afraid they might worry. I've merely said to them, "to care for the Serbian wounded."

There are some American newspaper men out here, so I imagine you will soon be getting very interesting accounts of the situation. You see, they know what the censor passes — and I don't.

I'm trying to learn Serbian, and also to buy some warm clothes to keep from freezing. I expect to get beautifully thin with it all.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *November* 12.

We have been waiting for trucks to transport the Red Cross supplies to a warehouse before we leave. We hope we can have trucks to-

morrow — if so, we shall be off immediately up country, to help with the wounded. I am very tired of waiting, and pine to be off. I've been able to get all the warm things that I need, and look forward to being under canvas, after the horrid hotel. My Serbian is improving, and I have got a Serbian-English dictionary, just made by a (naturalized) Englishman. I'm not studying Greek at present, as I don't need it. French, Italian, Spanish, and English are sufficient here. German I refuse to speak any more. I'm having a coat lined with sheepskin for five dollars.

To Mary W. Tileston

November 22.

We are all overjoyed at the fall of Monastir and all that it means. I am now trying to help get transport for food for that city, the Bulgars having looted it before leaving. If we only had now the automobiles that are coming later! Miss Simmonds has just gone for two days to see a wounded friend, an Englishwoman, who has been fighting in the Serbian ranks. Now that Serbia is opened, there is endless need of

money and of food supplies to be sent from America. There is but little flour anywhere in Europe, so America must send all she can spare. I bought four thousand cigarettes yesterday, and gave them to a thousand Serbians who were just leaving. The poor things don't have many luxuries, and were delighted to receive four cigarettes apiece. We shall be off directly Miss Simmonds returns, as naturally there are many wounded.

The Consul and his wife are most kind. I am having tea there to-day. As he has all the Austrian, German, Turkish, and Bulgarian affairs, as well as American, he is much overworked.

I hope you don't mind my staying longer over here, but I know that I can be of a good deal of use, and every one counts just now, especially as submarines make coming here a great uncertainty.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *December* 1.

We have been busy seeing about releasing stuff from the custom-house, and are anxiously

waiting the ship bringing provisions from America. It is much needed, for flour isn't too plentiful. We have had endless rain, but the last few days have been beautiful. Why any one believed Constantine would ever be friendly to the Allies, I don't know! I hope the blockade of Greece will help matters, as they have been sending food to Germany. They are very short of provisions in Athens.

We are with a Polish lady [1] who has taken an old harem, and lets a few Red Cross people have rooms in it, the money going to help Poland. I have had one lot of letters in two months, and I fear that many of mine to you have been sunk.

I wish people wouldn't send out small shoes to peasants. Big, heavy boots are the only kind wanted; and people send out suits, but no blouses to go with them. There is a lot of need in Salonika itself. I've given away all I can spare of my own things; and at last I've been able to give away the bandages, sponges, and other things, that Marion Abbot collected for me.

[1] See pp. 120 and 189.

To Edith Eustis

SALONIKA, *December* 22.

Owing to boats going down, and so forth, I've had one letter from you in three months! And two from Mamma! Remember, however, if you don't get letters, that I am *always* O.K. I've not even had a cold since I came here. If anything happened here, we could put on yashmaks, and pretend to be Turks, so no German would dare interfere.

A fund has been started with fifteen thousand dollars to work in the Monastir district, and two men have come out to be here for all supplies. Miss Simmonds and I are to work with them, making a unit of four. The need will be enormous when the country really opens up, so get people to give all the money they can. We are to supply food, the English clothing and hospital supplies, so don't let people send clothes.

How are the kiddies? I wish I could see them for Christmas, but a few months more will see me at home. The work here is most important, so I feel justified in staying.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *December* 22.

It has been very warm lately, which is good for the poor refugees. We are dining at Christmas at the American Consul's, who has a big party of Americans there. The day after, we go up country to a Serbian hospital to work until our Red Cross supplies, which have already started, arrive in Salonika. I hope to Heaven they won't be submarined. Owing to not having had a Red Cross unit here for some time, a lot of supplies which were sent out sixteen months ago are still in the Customs, and it's a lot of trouble, owing to red tape, to get them out and prepared for use. As my motto in life is "Hurry!" I am impatient of the delay. I've just seen the Serbian Colonel who, as military attaché in Rome, induced us to go to Serbia two years ago.

To Mary W. Tileston

December 28.

We are up here on the way to Monastir, at a Serbian ambulance. We are quite comfortable in tents, although to-day it has turned quite

cold after warm weather. We had far too much Christmas eating [in Salonika], with dinner at an English camp on Christmas Eve, dinner at mid-day with Russian Poles, tea with a Serbian, and dinner at the American Consul's. This must leave to be carried down to Salonika by some one just going, so good-bye.

1917

To Mary W. Tileston

January 2.

It is very nice to be really doing something for the Serbs. I have got a lot of cigarettes, and have much pleasure in giving them to every one — prisoners included. There is a Serbian refugee here, a French Sister, a very nice English woman who does canteen work (feeding), and Miss Simmonds and I,— five women! We are surrounded by mountains, and the sunsets are gorgeous. It is a dressing-station. The soldiers stay a night, and then go on to more permanent hospitals. I am getting practice in Serbian at last, and can get along fairly well in it.

Sunday is the Serbian Christmas, and we shall celebrate as well as we can. I am very hopeful of the war being over by summer, and Germany well beaten.

To Mary W. Tileston

January 9.

I flew the other day in an aeroplane — rather a joke, as I never wanted to. It was quite nice.

The nights are cold here, but the days lovely, quite warm, though we are surrounded by mountains. We are quite near Monastir, and see the troops going by. I give cigarettes to all whom I can. The Serbs are much pleased thereby, poor dears — they certainly need every little comfort they can get. We shall begin feeding the children in the villages in a few days, with English stuff. Ours ought to be out soon, if nothing has happened to it. Nothing much happens. The wounded come in one day, and are taken to base hospitals the next, so one doesn't know them well.

To Edith Eustis

January 9.

I think you would like life here. Living in a tent, even in January, and up two thousand feet, with a stove can be quite comfortable. My Serbian improves slowly, as the Major in charge here is learning English, and will have nothing else spoken except some French. We are near Monastir, and see many troops going by. We get some Russians as well as Serbs, and see Bulgarian and German prisoners. In

spite of my hatred of the Boches, I give them cigarettes, not as many as to the Serbs, but some. The Bulgar and German troops have looted everything as they retreat, and so the need of provisions is great. I hope America will give on a very large scale, for much will be needed, food principally, *and* automobiles to distribute supplies. There are many things I should like to say about affairs out here, but naturally I can't. The Serbs are so grateful, poor dears, and call me the "Dobra Sestra" or "Good Sister," because I give them cigarettes. Miss Simmonds goes up to-morrow to a village to run a soup-kitchen for the children in it. We shall do the same in another village in a few days, as our sick and wounded are not now serious cases. It is lovely country, with snow-covered mountains, and now a full moon. We are wondering what Tino will be up to next. He ought to be fried in oil!

To Wilder Tileston

January 20.

I'm with a Serbian Ambulance, "somewhere in Macedonia." We get about a hundred and

fifty new patients a day; most of them have to go to base hospitals the next morning. There is a French doctor, a Serbian ditto, a Major doctor commanding (Serbian), a French nurse, and an English canteen worker, the Honorable Mrs. Massey. A lot of French, Italian, Russian, and English troops are constantly arriving, so I think the Boches will be unpleasantly surprised later on. The Bulgarians are surrendering for nothing at all, and the Germans who come here are all in very poor condition, underfed, badly clothed, and no fight left in them. All they want to know is when the war will be over and they can go home. Of course, I am bitter against Germans, but the down and out ones are very pathetic. The Serbs are very grateful and patient, and consequently nice to be with.

I have been giving out clothing with Miss Simmonds to a hundred children, refugees. They were half-naked, and in a pitiful condition. She is giving them two meals a day, and, when our supplies come, I shall join her and the two other Red Cross workers (men), who are now in Salonika. I met the Serbian Field

Marshal the other day, and found him charming — very nice, and absolutely simple, like almost all the Serbs. I am giving out cigarettes, purchased by myself, and thereby becoming popular! I only wish that I had more mufflers and socks, as some of the men need them much. I expect to stay here till April, if the work goes well. If much needed, I might stay longer, but I think by that time the place will be full of Americans, and I really only want to go where I am needed.

To Edith Eustis

January 24.

Yesterday about twenty letters arrived, the first for a month, with some from you, written in October! The views here are really wonderful, with snow-covered mountains very near. The Army Headquarters come to-day, ten minutes away from us, so we shall hear a band, and so forth. Yesterday I gave out American Red Cross clothing to ninety-four children, refugees, almost naked, and shivering pitifully. Our supplies should be here soon, and then I go with Miss Simmonds and the two men

American Red Cross workers to distribute civilian relief.

My Serbian isn't very fluent, but it's very useful. I have to speak French a lot, much to my annoyance.

The German prisoners are pathetic, badly clothed, and badly nourished — no fighting spirit at all left in them. You know how I hate them, but I gave one my own scarf, as he had no coat! However, the Kaiser would meet with no mercy from me.

It's very hard to write letters, and hard to get them off. The last three days have been cold, before that, wonderfully comfortable.

To Marion W. Abbot

January 30.

I'm living in a tent in Macedonia, working in a Serbian ambulance. We are surrounded by snow mountains, gorgeous views, and much mud. By dint of a stove in each tent we keep fairly warm, but washing is, I assure you, no great treat. The Serbian soldiers are *very* nice, most patient, brave, uncomplaining, and grateful. I give out many cigarettes, and only wish

I had more mufflers and socks to give them, for the winds are bitterly cold. The Bulgarian prisoners are in pretty good physical condition, though they are tired of the war. One walked over thirty miles to surrender. The Germans are a pathetic sight, very thin, and with worn-out clothing. Things are going very well here, with troops pouring in, and, a little later, we expect great success. I am never-endingly grateful for that trunk. Everything in it has been of the greatest use, and I daily send wireless thanks to the kind people who gave the things.

It is interesting to see the different types of soldiers. We get mostly Serbians and Russians, with a few Germans and Bulgarians, and a very few Frenchmen, as a French hospital is near by. As Army Headquarters are near by, we have a constant stream of visitors going through. I helped Miss Simmonds, (who has done such fine work out here for two years), give out clothing to a hundred refugee children yesterday. They were a pitiful sight, shivering in their one thin covering, and almost blue with cold.

There is an English canteen worker here who is a charming, capable, and amusing woman. She also has a very sweet temper, which, I regret to say, is rare in the Balkans.

I am slowly congealing while I write, so, with renewed thanks for the angel trunk, I'll end this scrawl.

To Mary W. Tileston

February 3.

It has rained or snowed for days, and is most awfully muddy. I keep busy, and think that I make the men more comfortable. One I saved by making special things for him to tempt him to eat. I expect, in about a fortnight, to start relief work, as our supplies should be here by then. Miss Simmonds is already working, but, as I had requested to work in a hospital, I am keeping on here. Things are expected to go on very well out here soon, so don't be downhearted. The French nurse has just left, so I am alone here. Just now, there are only about a hundred and thirty patients, usually two hundred. I have to share my tent with visiting women going through, which really is a bore,

and I've had Dutch, Serbian, and to-night English! The snow here only falls to melt, which is a great comfort. I am hurrying to catch the post, so, with love to all, I'll stop.

To Mary W. Tileston

February 15.

It has been quite cold for a week, with snow, and mud, and rain. I went to Brod one day to see Miss Simmonds feed her hundred and fifty children refugees, whom she has clothed with stuff from America. Of course, the great news is America's coming in. Things go well out here. The Germans are being taken to other fronts, and the Bulgarians are in a bad way, with not enough food, rifles, or ammunition.

I am going to tea with an Italian Captain near by, but I am grieved because, like most Italians, he prefers talking French to Italian.

As the canteen worker, Mrs. Massey, has gone to Salonika for her automobile kitchen, which I am sure will never survive these roads, I am running her show as well as my own. But it's nothing compared to my work in Florence; and every day I expect to hear that

our supplies have come, and to start relief work.

I suppose America is all excitement over the war. I do hope she has some patent device for finishing off submarines, as, of course, our army won't be needed.

An English woman spent a night here, and used nearly all my soap because it was nicer than hers. We were roused at midnight to feed a Comtesse de — and thirty refugee children from Monastir. They had been coming at nine that morning. At twelve, we got a telegram saying they would come at eight next morning, and at twelve, midnight, they came, and expected us to hand them hot cocoa *immediately!* I am rapidly congealing. How is every one? Love to all.

To Mary W. Tileston

February 25.

I've just been to Salonika to get the Red Cross things that were to have been sent up three weeks ago. I went down in the Italian Post auto, two hundred kilometers in eight hours, with two hours out for stops, over a bad road half the way. I rushed around like

mad the next day, got my passport renewed, and so forth, and started back on the train that night. It took me twenty-three hours! I hadn't time to buy things to eat, but the Russian soldiers in my compartment gave me a little cognac, a piece of bread, and a sardine, which kept me alive till dinner. There were four Russians and two Serbians in my compartment, and they were most kind and thoughtful of my comfort, sleeping in a bunch to leave room for me to stretch out. I've given out all the things to-day, and wish I had more. On Tuesday I leave to go to Vodena,[1] where there are a hundred and seventy refugees from Monastir, and five hundred more coming on Wednesday, with more to follow. We hope to have also a resting-tent, with hot drinks, for Serbian troops passing through. Miss Simmonds has had so much experience in dealing with large numbers of refugees that she does it very easily. I'm very sorry to leave my soldiers, but I hope to see them again.

I wish Roger were out here to drive us about, as we have to depend on passing camions till

[1] Vod'ena.

our cars arrive. So far, *nothing* has come that was cabled for in November.

To Mary W. Tileston

VODENA, *March* 6.

I've been here a week now, and there is very little to do. There are only two hundred refugees; the five hundred promised us haven't materialized. It's largely a question of transportation. Fourteen automobiles sent from America were sunk by a submarine, and the consignment cabled for in November has just arrived, minus all the automobiles requested. With no means of transport, we can do very little.

This is a charming little town, with swiftly running streams all through it. It's on a big hill, and the water runs off in a waterfall. We have taken an old monastery in the valley below for some of the refugee families, the rest live in the town.

To Mary W. Tileston

VODENA, *April* 28.

Dr. Ryan has come out to be in charge of all relief work. We have over a thousand refugees,

several hundred of them Jews. We really have looked after them well, for we have only had two cases of pneumonia, started before they got here, and both recovering. We have three houses for Jews and a tent, and a tent for Tziganies,[1] and two houses for Christians, besides several hundred Turks and others scattered about in different houses. I've really done a lot up here, and only wish that we could have got into Serbia, to work among the real Serbians.

I've been very busy, working eleven hours a day. I started a canteen the other day with a hundred dollars of Cousin Susy's money, and have given tea and cigarettes to all Serbian soldiers going to the front. The other day, we had fourteen hundred, and gave them onions as well — raw ones, which they love. I am much pleased at its going so well. I pay a woman a drachma[2] a day to work there, and five drachmas a week rent, and get on nicely.

Yesterday we went to the English hospital to help, as they were short of nurses, and we

[1] Gipsies.

[2] Equal to about a franc, or twenty cents, normally.

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REFUGEES AT VODENA

were really useful. We have given a tent and twenty beds for our refugees, and the doctors and nurses look after them.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *May* 16.

Your letters come, but are a long time on the way. I am down here for a day, getting supplies for a canteen at Vladova,[1] the next village to Vodena, where the troops stop for a night on their way to the front. With Cousin Susy's money I am starting this by myself. With that money I can work for a while, and, as Miss Simmonds is returning to America for three months, she will make an appeal for more money for the work. I shall give tea, coffee, and cigarettes, and perhaps beans, to the Serbs going to the front, and also to the Italians, as the latter will give me transport for my supplies. I have two Serbs to do the cooking, and have one tent for myself, a kitchen, small tents for my men, and a very big tent for the soldiers. It is most agreeable work, and very useful, as nothing is done for the Serbs on their way up. My can-

[1] Vlad'ova.

teen in Vodena has been very successful, so another will be welcomed. We went up to the front the other day to see the Serbian Field Marshal, but we had to come back by train part way, nine hours to go eighteen miles, and arrived at three in the morning. Travelling, except by motor, is a horrible task.

To Edith Eustis

SALONIKA, *May* 18.

I am starting a canteen in Vladova, and I am looking forward very much to the work, as it is very useful, and not being done by others. The poor old Serbs are *so* tired by the long march up, and they have to carry heavy knapsacks, while other armies have theirs sent by automobile.

Salonika is full as usual, and quite hot. It is very tantalizing to see all the nice things to buy — but later I hope to buy something, when the war is over.

We fitted up a maternity tent before we left Vodena, and secured a very good doctor, so I feel that things are in good shape to leave. I leave in a few minutes to go back,— so goodbye.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *June* 1.

I am settled here in a really lovely spot. I have a tent for myself under a nut-tree, my soldiers' tent under a fig and grape-vine, so I am quite biblical. I have two Serbs to work for me — soldiers — and things ought to go well. I am about six feet above a brook, and twenty above the high road, so no one can call it isolated. Miss Simmonds left last week for America, and she will ask for money for me to give all the passing troops refreshment, as the tea and sugar are only for the Serbs, and, at the present price of sugar, I couldn't afford to buy for every one. Why doesn't America send over a lot of stuff here? Apparently, this end of the war is forgotten. It is very hard to get letters mailed from here. As it is only an hour's walk to (name blotted out by censor), I am there very often, and see the refugees.

To Edith Eustis

June 14.

I hope you're not frying in Washington. It's hot here, but the nights aren't. I have about a

hundred soldiers a day, and, besides giving them tea and cigarettes, I give them medicine, bandages, and so forth, if they are ill. I have my two Serbian soldier orderlies, one of whom does the cooking, and does very well, though I confess a little American bread wouldn't be unwelcome. I can sit by my tent-door under the shade of my nut-tree by a fast running brook, and watch the traffic on the Monastir road twenty feet below. There are Algerians, Italians, and Serbs here, and I am the only person doing any canteen work. It will seem very queer to speak English again with everybody.

To Helen T. Chickering

VLADOVA, *June* 14.

I was very glad to hear from you yesterday, and to know that you are all well. I have left the refugee work at Vodena, and gone to the next village, four miles away, to do canteen work for passing Serbian troops. I get about a hundred men a day, and, if they are ill, give them medicine and care. I have a sick man left behind this morning, suffering with dysentery, for which I have no medicine, and I am

going to get him to the English hospital at Vodena.

I have a small tent for myself, and a big tent for the men, and two Serbian soldiers to do the work, so I'm very well settled, and I'm all on my own. I am so glad to be able to say that I am an Ally now. Before, it really was horrid. And I hope great things from America. I want to see a big American success.

A soldier gave me two young magpies last week; one has escaped, but the other is the curse of my life, as it yells for food every half hour.

I am so pleased that, at last, Constantine is down and out. It's about time. I wish that there were no censor, there are so many things I want to say. My Serbians start at five in the morning, to go on, as it is cooler, so I get up at about four, which is awful, as I never can get enough sleep before that. But a nap partly makes up for lost time. Here there are Algerians, Italians, and Serbs, so I get practice in three languages, and mix them all up nicely. I had a nice puppy, but a passing soldier adopted him, at least I suppose so.

We get almost daily showers, an unheard-of thing at this season, due according to *me*, to the firing of the cannon. It makes things much cooler, if it is sometimes a nuisance.

How is your "First Aid" coming on? I have great hopes of a speedy finish to the war, and trust in a few months to be leaving for America. I can't bear to go, when I can do something for the poor, old, worn-out and broken-down Serbs.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *June* 15.

It's a great relief to have that silly old Constantine out of the way. I have a variety of people here, Greek priests, Algerian soldiers, Italians, Serbian soldiers and officers. My magpie squawks when hungry — its only accomplishment. As the troops go away at anywhere from half-past four to six in the morning, early rising is a necessity. Fortunately, my Serbian cook does not mind rising even before the magpie.

I am besieged by old refugee friends whenever I go to Vodena, and it takes hours to see them all. As I am not working for them now, I can

do nothing for them but listen to complaints and requests. I suppose it relieves their minds. It has a singularly irritating effect on mine.

I expect my walnuts to be ripe in a month, and to be really surfeited with nuts, which I always adore. I have no ink, and I fear my letters are almost illegible.

The silk-worms are beginning to make cocoons, and every one is busy getting the last mulberry leaves for their parting gorge. It's a great industry here — the only one, I think. The people are primitive to a painful degree, in spite of the fact that a lot of the men have been to America and returned; four hundred young men have gone from Vodena alone! The women all wear their hair down in braids, which I shall have to do soon, as I have only two hair-pins left.

I look over flourishing fruit-trees through the valley to distant mountains, a view that is a really lovely one. The Serbs are really wonderful, so patient, and uncomplaining, and brave. They ought to be petted and cared for always to make up for what they suffered.

I am pining for a big American success, and a

lot of soldiers out here, though none except seasoned troops should come out before October; and they'll need *barrels* of quinine, as every one except myself has malaria.

DISTRICT VISITING IN MACEDONIA

Vladova is a pretty little village just halfway between Salonika and Monastir. There are about sixty houses, very dirty but picturesque, and all through the place flow streams of water, with a quite large waterfall at the end of the village. The houses are all alike, with a room downstairs for the pigs, chickens, and so forth; then, up a ladder-like stairway, are three or four living-rooms. Macedonian families prefer to all sleep in one room, on the floor, with only a thin rug under them.

In the silk-worm season, the other two or three rooms are given up to them, large tables covered with mulberry leaves filling up every corner. And a loathsome-looking sight they are, first small and wriggly, and then fat and portly, as they get near the cocoon stage.

I was stationed in Vladova with a "comfort station" for Serbian soldiers going to the front, giving them tea and cigarettes, medicine when

they needed it, and milk and eggs to the weak ones, and looking after their blistered, tired feet. But, as they came in the late afternoon and left in the very early morning, I had most of the day free, and, in an evil hour, took in a sick orphan boy, and cured him. Henceforth, I was doomed; the village flocked to me for medical advice and medicine. I also had a big tin of dried milk, which added to my popularity, and my patients dwindled as the milk began to give out. My treatment was simple — castor oil, hot applications when necessary, and a milk diet. It was surprising how quickly most of them responded to this — a diet of melons, bad bread, grapes, and so forth, their usual fare, not being good for the ill. But they *would* give me presents, which I didn't want. I received some wonderful stockings; only, in Macedonia, the women wear socks, as long trousers are the fashion under their full petticoats, so they wouldn't do to wear in America. Also eggs were — not literally — showered upon me. As they cost six cents apiece, this was a really handsome gift.

The most difficult thing to combat was the

language, as it is a blend of Bulgarian, Serbian, and Greek, and I only spoke primitive Serbian. Sometimes I used to take one of my soldiers to translate for me, but it was of doubtful benefit, as he would give out health directions of his own. "Of course you have malaria," he would say, "you eat plums and then drink cold water, you ought to know better." I was touched by their blind faith in my knowledge, but their stupidity and dirtiness did annoy me. As for their ideas of diet, they were really no worse than the poor of our own cities, who feed six months' old babies on anything, and one of whom, at that tender age, was said to be "a devil for cheese."

Malaria was rampant, and at least half the village was ill at one time, with that and other fevers. It was very hot, and the people wore on their heads either a handkerchief only, or nothing, and they *all* had headaches. Fortunately, after a time, one gets immune to most insect bites, so the many lurking in the houses only walked over me without further damage.

We could hear the thunder of the guns on the front twenty miles away, and the aeroplanes

used to fly over us, but they didn't drop bombs, as it was such a small village, and also the sympathies of every one in it were with the Bulgarians. A lot of the villagers were soldiers in the Bulgarian army. In spite of its small size, a hundred young men had gone to America from Vladova. There were two or three who had returned just before the war, and they were counting the days till they could go back again. But, in spite of their admiration for America, they lived in the uncomfortable and unhealthy fashion of the other villagers. Women are more or less beasts of burden in Macedonia, and the poor animals are shamefully treated. The English soldiers were hot on the subject, and always stopped cruelty when they saw it, but in the East they cannot understand our point of view, and merely think us individually mad.

The popular delusion about peasants being strong isn't true in this part of the Balkans. No one looks really well, the children are all pale and anaemic, the women worn and thin, and every one looks years older than his real age. Patients lying on the floor with all their clothes on are not as easy to treat as some, but it is sur-

prising how soon one gets used to such inconveniences. What most irritated me was that I couldn't get them to eat nourishing things; they only liked melons and highly seasoned food, and they usually didn't take the medicine left for them. All of them were strangely patient, not complaining of the pain or discomfort. I have never seen anything like their passion for castor oil; they would beg for it almost with tears. But the children used to shriek at the sight of my thermometer, and cry determinedly till I went away.

My own establishment was on a little hill, just twenty feet up from the Monastir road, with a lovely view, and a brook running madly by. My tent was under a walnut-tree, and I thus learned the staining qualities of walnut juice. The big tent for the soldiers was a few feet away, with an American flag in front of it. I was sure that every aeroplane would be so annoyed at seeing an American flag that they would bomb it, but I suppose bombs cost too much to be wasted on a mere irritant. Every one said that my camp was the prettiest place in Macedonia.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *June* 24.

I received five letters of yours together, the latest being May 3 — one of January's! I've been down for two days to Salonique, getting sugar. Salonique is horrid; very hot and dusty, and everything very dear. I arrived at ten last night, having taken nine hours to go about seventy-five miles.

The Serbians continue to go by, so I feel that I am not useless, and, when there are a few Italians or French, I give coffee to them, as, with Cousin Susy's money, I can do it.

The American Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kehl, have been most kind, and always invite me to their house when I am in Salonique. The Greek situation seems really better, but I don't trust any of the Kaiser's relatives. I wish America would send a lot of soldiers out here.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *July* 1.

I am just going down to Salonika to buy some cigarettes, as there were none of the sort that I need, last week.

I find many of the Serbians' feet need atten-

tion after their long marching, so I attend to those, as well as give any medicine that is needed. Altogether, I think that it helps things along, or at least Serbians along. It's a lovely cool day after two hot ones. I have all kinds of people come to me for medicine, and also, when they aren't well, I give them eggs and milk, and so forth. So, it's really a "comfort station," as the Italians call it.

I am taking down a chicken to the Consul's wife, as everything is very dear in Salonika. Apparently Grecian affairs are really going fairly well, for a wonder, and it will help the situation out here very much.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *July* 13.

We had a great wind-storm last night, which I thought would blow all the tents down, but it didn't. I have quite a little stock of medicines now, and can treat most of the people who need attention. I also can get fresh milk and eggs, which are a treat for men who haven't had any milk for months, and can't eat their rations. Mostly I attend to sore feet, caused by long marching in the heat. A lot of the men ought

to be back in hospital, and will be sent back about as soon as they reach the front. I do hope that America will hurry up with her aeroplane raids on Germany — I want to be able to boast of what *we* have done.

As yesterday was King Peter's "day," I went to church in (word blotted out by censor), but after standing for half an hour, I ignominiously sat down on a bench in the court-yard.

To-morrow, being the fourteenth [Bastille Day], I shall give coffee and cigarettes to the fifty-eight Frenchmen who are stationed in ——. The nights continue to be cool, and usually, by the middle of July, the worst of the heat is over. It has been no worse than the heat in America, but I believe last year was much hotter. I haven't had any letters for some time, but I imagine that there are some for me now in Salonika.

To Edith Eustis

July 27.

I'm getting to be quite an expert in treating feet, and find that my treatment of blisters — prick, iodine, and surgeons' plaster — is that

used by the U.S.A. So I feel very clever to have evolved it myself.

The donkeys trot slowly by, laden with wood, and so forth, and bullock-wagons crawl along, in contrast to some of the automobiles which whiz by. I went in an auto the other day, driven by a Frenchman who had been Roosevelt's chauffeur, and then Taft's. It was a Ford car, and wouldn't go up any hill if there was more than one person in the car!

There is a girl in Vodena who lost both legs in the big aeroplane raid, and she can tell when an aeroplane is coming quicker than any one else. I am living in hopes of American raids on Berlin. They will stop the war quicker than anything.

To Mary W. Tileston

July 27.

I've just received your letter of May 21. I write every week, but often I can't get my letters posted, and there aren't always boats.

I had a soldier left here a few days ago, too weak to go on. I tried to get an automobile to take him to the hospital, but couldn't. In the

evening, to my horror, his temperature was 105.5°. I sat up with him all night, gave him quinine, and so forth, and his temperature was sub-normal next day. But it was an enormous relief to get him at last carried to a hospital, where they could find out what the matter was.

I'm beginning to pine for real food, especially hot biscuit, and all kinds of nice bread, for war bread just now isn't nice.

I wish that America could send a hundred and fifty thousand men out here to relieve the Serbians, as another winter campaign will quite finish them. I suppose most people are happier dead, but they've had an uncommonly slow and painful death, some of them, tortured by false hopes and broken promises.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *August* 14.

I've been busy curing a Serbian boy of fifteen of — I'm not quite sure what — but he was rather ill, 104° temperature, and so forth. He is an orphan, and had tended goats for five years, being given only bread. He knew only part of the alphabet, and is now busily engaged

in learning to write. I shall keep him for about ten days, and then he will go to school in Vodena. I confess that I'm not fond of being doctor and nurse too, especially when patients do as he did. As soon as the fever went down a little, he arose in the early morning, and, after gathering together his few poor rags in the house, where he had lived, had a good wash at the village fountain, with, of course, a nice rise in temperature later. But, as another boy whom I didn't know about, with just his symptoms, but who had no care, died two days ago, he has become more careful.

Salonika is, as usual, awfully hot, night as well as day, and dusty! I dined last night with Miss Sandes, the English woman sergeant in the Serbian army. I came down on the Sanitary train, which is unpardonably slow and uncomfortable. Hours are spent in waits, and the heat is appalling.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *August* 25.

Time goes by, and no chance comes to send a letter, but now I can, so I will. I have now

become a *médecin malgré moi*, as, having cured two people, I have to look after others. So far, I have been very successful, my medicines being castor oil, quinine, and aspirin, with directions as to diet, of which they know nothing. I was presented with some grapes yesterday, and before that with a chicken, by grateful patients. I can't say that Macedonians appeal to me much, they are so curious, and walk in anywhere, without asking if they may.

The weather is, fortunately, getting a little cooler, which is good for every one, and should diminish the sick rate. I really have the prettiest spot in Macedonia for my camp. The Serbian Minister of War came one day — unfortunately I was in Salonika,— and stayed to dinner, and admired my establishment very much. The boy whom I took in when he was ill goes to-day to Vodena, to begin school. He really has some flesh on his bones now.

A long procession of donkeys is going by to (Saturday) market day in Vodena, loaded with wood and vegetables, to be sold at exorbitant prices, as the demand exceeds the supply. I am anxiously waiting to hear from Miss Sim-

monds as to her plans, and when, or whether, she returns. At present, there is a lull in my work.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *September* 29.

You may have got a letter saying that I am in a hospital here with malaria. Don't be alarmed, it was only a mild case, and I'm feeling very well now, with a large appetite, only I have to stay here a little longer to be sure not to relapse. It's very comfortable here, beautifully clean, the food very good, and everybody most kind, so I couldn't be better off. The malaria season is nearly over, so I shan't have another attack. People have been very kind about coming to see me, and Miss ——, an American, who came out with the hospital that we sent, comes every day, and does any errands I want done, as she has a car. It is getting cooler, and one has two blankets at night. I have plenty to read here, so it's really quite a holiday.

I've just had a cable from Miss Simmonds from Paris, so I suppose she will be here soon,

and we can work together again. I'm pining to know just what we are to do, as she hasn't told me yet. Fortunately, my soldiers are well trained, so they can carry on the work at Vladova for a time without me.

[This attack of tropical malaria was far more serious than her account would indicate. At the hospital, they were anxious about her, as it affected her heart seriously. They told her that it was essential that she should rest for a time before going back to her work, or they could not answer for the consequences.]

To Mary W. Tileston

PARIS, *October* 20.

I'm here for a little while to see Mrs. Draper, the Red Cross head from New York. It seems very cold after Salonika, but I've got a new suit, and keep warm. Paris is packed with Americans. The soldiers look very well, but I wish that they would begin to help in the war. It's awfully nice to get good food again, and the butter is a joy. I've not eaten butter for a year, and revel in it.

I did very well on my trip, as Miss Simmonds telegraphed to come to Paris, and I got a hospital-ship two days after I left the hospital. I can't say enough for the care and attention I received at the hospital. I am very well, and have an enormous appetite, and it's a joy to be able to buy all that I need.

To Arthur Foote

PARIS, *October* 21.

I am here for a few weeks, as one of the Red Cross heads is coming who wants to see me. Also, it was thought a good thing to have a change after my malaria. I came up on a French hospital-ship, with a Spanish officer on board as a preventative for submarines. We had very good food, and a tranquil trip.

There are a lot of American soldiers about, and every one agrees that they look very smart and well set up, but I want them to begin to work, and am impatient for us to begin our aviation, and so forth. I pass the "Continental," and think of the time that we were all there together. The hotels are full. I shop with joy, for Salonika after the fire is an arid

waste for clothes. It's painful to buy flannels when all about you are *charming* things that you long to buy! Certainly Paris seems — and is — much nearer home than Macedonia! I expect to go back shortly, and it will be much nicer then, for the heat is over. Here it is chilly, and grey, a relief after five months' sun and heat. My malaria is gone, after most intelligent treatment at an English hospital, where every one was kindness itself.

I wish that I could be with you at Thanksgiving.

To Mary W. Tileston

PARIS, *November* 10.

I expect to leave here to-morrow, and hope to get to Salonika in about a week. There I shall thoroughly inform myself whether I can continue working through the winter, giving soup and beans, instead of tea. If it can't be done, I shall probably go to Italy to work. France is perfectly filled with Americans, most of them waiting for something to do. They arrive on every boat, before they are needed, and simply sit around for weeks. My advice

to people coming over here without *absolutely* knowing what they are to do is — don't! I shall be sorry to leave the land of nice butter, as in Macedonia it is bad and scarce. Miss Simmonds will stay on where she is, I suppose, for a few months, working at Dr. Lucas's Children's Hospital for the Repatriated, at Evian-les-Bains.

Mrs. Draper was to have been in Paris, but did not come.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *November* 22.

I arrived quite safely last night, after a very rough and stupid trip. We had the Spanish officer on board, and had no submarine adventures. I am very glad to be back again, as Paris is too full of Americans to leave any chance to work there. The dust is very bad, but that is better than the rain in France. I wish America would send over some coal, flour, and meat. But perhaps it will. I'm just going to the Consulate to get my letters, which ought to be many.

It's nearly two months since I had any.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *December* 2.

I've just received two letters, one of August 29, the other of September 30; the four between haven't arrived!

I am now living in a house, as it is warmer for the winter. There have been a lot of Serbs going through, up to my arrival. Since, there has been a lull. If it keeps up, I shall go elsewhere. It's lovely autumn weather, but when there is no sun it's cold. The cows, pigs, and so forth live downstairs, the hens vibrate between the two stories. I have two good rooms — that is, good for Macedonia — and a place for making soup for the passing Serbs. It's very hard to get supplies, and I wish America would send over flour, sugar, lard or cotton-seed oil, beans and rice, as those are all lacking. Your bread sounds very nice. When I get home, I intend to do nothing but eat for at least a week without stopping. Every one is feeling better now the heat is over, only it's the season for bronchitis, pneumonia, and so forth. I have a sleeping-bag and several blankets, and manage to keep warm. I wish the war would hurry up and be over.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *December* 8.

We've had lovely weather all the week, only a trifle cold, and a lot of soldiers. I've been quite busy, as a number of them needed medicine, and so forth. A lot of them had been sent out without blankets, so, one night, I had ten old sick ones in my room, and ten in the soldiers' room. I give them a soup made of pork, onions, and a lot of beans, so they have the beans to eat, as well as the soup. The poor things are much pleased, as it is the only hot meal they get on their way to the front, about six days in all.

I should very much like, if Miss Simmonds could come, and the Red Cross or Serbian Relief would supply funds, to start a canteen at one or two of the stations, to give soup to all soldiers going to the front. I could get it going in a few days and there would be no red tape, or money wasted, and I really think it would do a lot toward keeping the men from getting sick. Travelling for two days in unheated box-cars is no joke — and if you have no blanket! If I only had a lot of money, I could go ahead without waiting for anything. I've

just got a stove, (two dollars), which makes my room much warmer than an open fire.

To Helen T. Chickering

VLADOVA, *December* 26.

I was very glad to get your nice letter; it was months since the last. The only person to say "Merry Christmas" in English was an Italian who had been in California! But I was quite gay on Christmas Eve, as the Italians had a cinema for the soldiers, and, after it, I went to a supper with the French. We had a lot to eat, chicken, turkey, *Canard à l'agence Wolff*, and a lot of other nice things.

Just for a few days, I've had nothing to do, which is always monotonous. I am at my old business of doctoring the villagers. Walnuts are now my payment — taken under protest. What I chiefly lack is sugar, for there are a lot of quinces, and I want to make marmalade, of which I am passionately fond.

I am more useful in the cold weather, as now I give a thick bean soup, which is the only hot food they get, and I'm having some stoves made out of petrol tins to make the barracks

tolerable for the night. The Serbian soldier gets five dollars a month, and wants to send money to his family in Serbia, so, if they had "pay" canteens, they couldn't use them. There ought to be several free canteens at stations on the way to the front.

1918

To Edith Eustis

VLADOVA, *January* 3.

I had a very gay New Year, with about twenty guests for a coffee- (or rather Tower-of-Babel) party, as I had Serbs, Italians, French, English, and a Russian, three women guests. As they all spoke different languages, some nothing but their own, it made a fearful mental strain.

One of my soldiers has been ill for a fortnight with what I, and one of the three doctors who saw him, consider to have been appendicitis. I kept him here for ten days, and then took him to the hospital at Vodena, where I have been daily to carry him milk. He returns to-morrow, all right again.

To-day, I've lunched at the French Anti-Aircraft Station, with the Commandant of Vladova. A very good lunch, and both the men were amusing and intelligent. The Commandant is Inspector of Schools in civil life.

Sugar is the thing we lack most here; civilians can't get it, and the Greeks don't stop

privateering, so they ask two dollars a pound. Fortunately, I can buy some at the Serbian Magazine.

My room is gay with yellow and green cheese-cloth, shells filled with maidenhair fern, and two window-boxes with daisies, primroses and cyclamen. As it is my dining-, bed-, and sitting-room, and dispensary, it has to be always ready for visitors.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *January* 8.

Happy New Year! We have had very little snow, and not much cold. For the Serbian Christmas, I spent your hundred dollars in stoves for the barracks, and treats for the men, and money for the poor ones; so, it accomplished a lot. I got eight stoves made out of gasoline cans. I went out to dinner, and had, of course, young roast pig. I much prefer ordinary pork, roasted *à la Américaine*. As the Serbs celebrate three days, the next day I went out to dinner at the next village, higher up, eighteen kilometers away.

The small Serb boy whom I took care of in

the summer is now in a Boy Scout school at Vodena, and came to see me yesterday. He is learning to be a carpenter, and is very healthy and happy. There is, as usual, a lot of illness. The doctor of the American hospital has been ill for a month with rheumatic fever, at Salonika. They are going to have American nurses and a doctor for the refugees at Vodena. It's quite time they did, as there is a lot of illness, and they are *not* needed for the army. What the army does need is warm clothing, more blankets, and some of the hospitals have no automobiles.

It's snowing hard, but my room is really warm. Only, I think of the Serbs at the front, and don't feel warm.

To Mary W. Tileston

VLADOVA, *January* 21.

The weather is just like late spring, with daisies and crocuses blooming on all the hillsides. I am going to start another soup-centre about fifteen miles away, where there are more soldiers. No one else is feeding the troops with hot things on their way to the front. I shall

stay half the week there, probably, and half here, as the necessity arises. I shall have a little hut built for me, which will be very warm and convenient. To-morrow, I go to Salonika, where I shall have a chance to post this.

Children here die very easily; out of seven or eight, there are usually only two survivors.

Some people here have just been wolf-hunting, as there are a lot in the mountains. I was told that five Serbian soldiers have been eaten by a big pack of wolves, but I hope the story isn't true.

To Edith Eustis

VLADOVA, *January* 21.

I do so wish that I had a lot of warm shirts, drawers, socks, scarfs, and so forth, to give the Serbs. When they leave the hospital, they haven't enough. I don't see why America can't send enough clothes to equip the Serbs properly, *direct to the Serbs*, as they are fighting our battles, poor wretches!

One of my soldiers had his first letter from home in two years, telling him that his wife and eight children are all well. The other soldier

had his wife, two children, and mother-in-law killed by a bomb. And, of course, they are merely samples of what all Serbia has suffered. One soldier had lost six brothers, his mother was shot by the Austrians, and his young sister left behind to suffer a worse fate. And Americans talk of being friends with the Boches! Wait till our men have been tortured, crucified, and so forth, and so forth, and see how forgiving we are!

To Edith Eustis

SALONIKA, *February* 15.

Miss Sandes, the English woman sergeant in the Serbian army, has been raising money in England, and has just cabled me some to spend immediately in canteen work. She is coming out shortly, and I expect that I shall work in connection with her. She is very capable, and a pleasant companion, and it will mean an enlarged field of work, so I'm much pleased.

They are planning a convalescent camp, and want me as directress, but I can't combine it with other work, so I don't think that I want to do it. They need a lot of camps, as there

are thousands of Serbs who need convalescent care, and they need endless cases of condensed milk, and money to buy cows and hens. I still do my medical visiting in Vladova, but their bad health is largely the effect of poor food and dirt. Some of the rooms are as dark and sunless as the tenements in New York. I'm very tired and dirty from motoring down, so I'll stop, with lots of love to Fred and the kiddies and you.

The children must be darlings. I hate to miss so much of their babyhood, but war isn't a good time for living one's own life as usual.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *February* 15.

I'm in Salonika for a day, and have acquired a sweet puppy to take back with me, to keep me company. I expect to go in a few days to a place fifteen miles from Vladova, to open another comfort station. They are building me a hut and a kitchen now.

We have had a perfect winter, with only about two weeks cold, the rest like May. It's a fine thing for the refugees, without sufficient

clothing or fuel. I came down by the Italian automobile, and am very dusty.

To Mary W. Tileston

[Name of town erased by censor]

February 28.

I'm now established here, though my place in Vladova is still open for whenever it is needed. I have a sweet little hut, eight feet by eight, made of woven boughs, and plastered outside with mud. I have a stove, and a window with real glass in it, *and* the puppy, who is charming and beloved by all. This isn't nearly such a pretty place as Vladova, though there are lovely snow-capped mountains in the distance at the front. The snow-storm last week was very severe, and it's feet deep in places. Here I have work, so I am contented. I've put a temporary garden, in front of the house, of blooming daisies till I can get a real one started, and I've got some hens, horrid things, and am going to buy an eighty-franc donkey to bring the firewood. I shall sell him afterward, so it isn't money thrown away, and he'll have a happy home for a while, poor thing.

Every one is very polite, and makes long speeches about my goodness, and so forth, which, though tedious, are rather pleasing, nevertheless. The Serbians are a *very* grateful race.

To Mary W. Tileston

[Name of town erased] *March* 3.

I'm here for a day, getting things arranged for opening some new canteens for Miss Sandes, and arranging for transporting a lot of warm woollen clothes for the soldiers at the front. As she can't be out till the first of April, I'm to get things started and running. I had just applied to open a tea place at the station at [name erased], as well as my own one at the camp. I shall be very, very busy. Especially as I have no car till she comes, and have to beg rides from any one.

To Mary W. Tileston

April 12.

It's a long time since I wrote, but I've had no chance to send letters, as I've been away, near the front, getting another soup place started, for the English "Comfort Fund." It

took me a long time to get things going, as every one was absurdly slow, and I had to wait for permits, and so forth. I also gave out about thirty thousand pieces of underclothing, stockings, and other things, sent by the Canadian Red Cross. As yet, the automobiles haven't arrived, and it's very hard getting about. I had to go a hundred kilometers [about sixty-two miles]. Coming back, I walked thirty-seven kilometers [about twenty-two miles], and arrived at a station at half-past seven P.M., to find the train had left ten minutes before, and I had to wait till one in the morning for the next train, and travel all night in a box-car that was usually given to horses.

I am very busy now, for, besides my work here, the English work must be started, and, as yet, there is only one other worker, who will be in Salonika. Miss Simmonds is to come later. It's getting warm now, but last week there was a big snow-storm, and it was very cold. We need a lot of quinine out here, besides sugar, and so forth. My ten hens have laid a lot of eggs while I was gone, so I've been able to give the sick soldiers a treat.

To Edith Eustis

VERTEKOP, *April* 27.

I'm very busy, as, until Miss Simmonds comes, I have to be in several places at once. There is one other worker, who is doing the official business, sees to supplies, and so forth, while I do the practical end. I have my place here, and at Vladova, and opened another canteen, for tea, about seventy kilometers [about forty-four miles] away. I am opening another, about half a kilometer from this last, to look after two other divisions. We look after the men who do the transport, and those returning to the front, about a thousand a day, at the new place. When Miss Simmonds arrives, I shall start a new canteen near here, and look after the three near together. There is to be an automobile for me, thank Heaven! if it isn't sunk. It's impossible to do several places without one. We need a lot of quinine, as the men are sent from the hospital with none for the road; and also we should have socks, as many men have to walk a hundred kilometers without any, and get very blistered and lame. I'm so glad that now there is a regular society

to do this work — before, I've been the only one. It's English, and not American, but that doesn't matter. I hope our soldiers will be put with English ones. I want America to know that England is our best and natural friend.

To Mary W. Tileston

VERTEKOP, *April* 27.

I'm so sorry that you don't get my letters. I write always, and can't understand why they don't come.

If the war continues till autumn, I will go home for a time at least, but I still think by August it will be over. Miss Simmonds should be out in a few weeks, and then I shan't have to work so hard, as another worker, who is now seeing about things in Salonika, will go to Petalini, and I shall stay in this part of the world. I shall start one more canteen, and be able to run three easily, not very far apart, as I shall have an automobile to fetch supplies, and get about with. A very nice English General, who has just come out, and looks after Serbian welfare, brought me back in his

car two days ago; as last time I walked about half way, it was a great help.

I don't suppose you will see Miss Simmonds [who was in the United States again]. If I had only known when she went, I'd have asked her to bring me a pair of boots. I'm still wearing the old ones she gave me when she left a year ago. I've had them re-soled about seven times, at ten or fifteen drachmas a time. It would be cheaper to buy new boots, but there aren't any good ones here.

I wish I had a barrel of quinine to give away. A lot of soldiers have malaria, and no quinine. The Serbian Easter is eight days off, and I've got to save eggs for the soldiers. I've tried to get some lambs, but I fear with no success. The peasants here are frightful extortioners, and ask ten times what they ever got before.

To Mary W. Tileston

VERTEKOP, *May* 9.

I celebrated the Serbian Easter by giving the men in the camp — only sixteen — eggs, lamb, sugar, and cigarettes, the things they wanted

most. I also got eggs for about a hundred and fifty others. I came down from Petalini part way with another English General, also nice.

It's lovely now at Vodena and Vladova — but not at Vertekop; iris, columbines, Judas-trees, quinces, a kind of broom, and roses, in great abundance. Before it gets too hot, it's really lovely. I keep very busy, and hope soon, with the arrival of an auto, to open another canteen. I think that I shall go home in September, whether the war is over or not, as two years here are supposed to be enough without a change.

Where I stay in Salonika, in an old Turkish house and lovely garden, is called the "House of the Benediction" — the owner is so good to the poor.[1] Also, she is good to me — altogether, an angel.

To Mary W. Tileston

June 4.

The Sandes-Haverfield Canteens will pay for all the new canteens, and I shall run one of them, which is near here.

[1] See pp. 62 and 189.

A six-foot long snake ate five of the eggs from my hens' nests yesterday, much to my rage. The hill behind us has many storks in it, said to be after snakes, but I'm sure it's only grasshoppers. The flies are ubiquitous — you would hate it. The only place is under a mosquito-net. The potatoes in my garden are almost ready; I also have tomatoes, cabbages, cucumbers, and paprika. I'm sure that a lot of my letters get lost, but I think in time I receive almost all of yours.

To Edith Eustis

June 4.

To-day they are building me a summer house, as the heat in my hut is intense. I have taught my soldier to make a very decent Welsh rarebit, which is a pleasant change from perpetual greasy stews. He also fries potatoes quite decently. There are plenty of wild flowers, but here it's hard to get wood for cooking — also water.

Sergeant Flora Sandes, who has been in England, raising money for Serbian canteens, has just returned, but she goes directly back to the

front. The other worker stays in Salonika to await freight, and consequently I've had to do everything by myself. Twice I've had to walk thirty-five or thirty-seven kilometers. I also, last time, went about two kilometers on a large horse, lent me by a fat and perspiring Italian soldier acquaintance. I managed with his help to crawl up on the beast, and he led it. It was an awe-inspiring sight, as I had on a very short skirt, *and* a pocket full of raw eggs — which didn't break — and I was carrying a knapsack filled largely with onions, *and* a primus stove. Such is life — for me — in the Balkans. An automobile is promised, but, if it isn't lost on the way, it may not arrive for months.

It will cost about twenty-five dollars a month for my comfort station at Vladova (the other one will be an English canteen) now that the hot weather demands tea and not soup. The big canteens of about fifteen hundred a day cost about four hundred dollars a month.

Sergeant Flora Sandes has just been here on her way to the front. She is much pleased with all I have done. Hurrah!

I suppose you are at Cataumet, and enjoying

the sea-breezes. Here it is like an American July, not at all terrible heat.

To Helen T. Chickering

VLADOVA, *June* 10.

I was very glad of your letter a week ago. I've had potatoes from my garden, also cabbage, and thirteen chickens were hatched yesterday. I expect to carry a lot of hens into Serbia, as there won't be any there. And yesterday they killed the snake that has been robbing my hen-roost, so all is comparatively well. I've got to make one more trip to the canteens, seventy-five kilometers away, and, as transport is problematical, I always dread the journey. It is too hot now to give soup, so tea is on instead, which is much less trouble.

I wish America would send a lot of shirts to the Serbs; theirs are in rags. You have certainly done wonders in the amount of dressings you have made and sent out.

I have a most beautiful summer house, made mostly of reeds, and with green wreaths round the windows and doors, so it looks like Christmas decorations. My hut is too warm to sit

in during the day. I am very tired of Macedonia, but I do hate to leave before the war is over. However, if it is to last another year, I'll go home for a bit.

I am next to some aerodromes, so the aeroplanes are constantly skimming overhead, and having once, much against my inclination, been up in one, I am only too glad to stay on the ground. I now eat, and almost enjoy, the sour milk that one gets all through the Balkans. It's the Metchnikoff kind, supposed to make one live to be a hundred,— not that I want that!

The spiders, beetles and grasshoppers are all of great size, and look very deadly. There are also centipedes, which I haven't yet met.

When I leave, I shall erect a monument to beans and cabbage, as they are our two great friends.

To Mary W. Tileston, Jr.

June 10.

It's very hot here now, but one tries not to walk much through the day, and the nights are not yet unbearable. The Serbians need shirts and socks, and, I fear, will continue to be with-

out them for a long time. Malaria abounds, and quinine is the most important want. They give forty grains a day for three days, or, in very bad cases, sixty, and then thirty for three days. It's astonishing how little it affects one.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *July* 7.

I'm down here for a day or two, and it's hot and full of mosquitoes. But this summer is far better than last year.

I have just heard that one of my kitchens has been shelled out. Fortunately, no one there was hurt. But my beautiful boilers, made of petrol tins, are surely among the missing — and petrol tins are precious. My other place I hope to start in a few days. They have been two months doing work that should take two days. I've just moved to a nicer camp, where my new summer house, in which I live almost entirely, is a delightfully big place. My puppy regards it as his duty to go on watch every night with the two soldiers who act as guards, and sleeps all day, so we seldom see one another. I *should* like a good swim — and a lot to eat after it.

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *July* 30.

I'm down here getting a chauffeur for the automobile, which has just come. As we are very limited as to gasoline, it will require most careful planning to go where I need to. It has been, and is, very hot, 108° in the shade, when there is any!

You will be interested to learn that the French police have told me that I have an enemy who is continually denouncing me as a spy — the latest being that I was going about the Serbian fronts with no reasons for being there, and no proper papers. As I had all the necessary "*laisser passers*," and was there starting canteens, I had no difficulty in proving my good faith. I asked the name of my accuser, and was told that the secret police can reveal names to *no* one. It is like a priest and the confessional. In the winter, the Serbians tell me, the French police asked the Serbian Headquarters for particulars concerning me, as I was being denounced as a spy!

Red Cross societies cannot do canteen work, so we are not under them, but [are now] under

a registered society in England, the Sandes-Haverfield Comfort Fund.

As to my coming home, things look so promising for a speedy finish to the war, that I shall stay on till October, anyway.

To Mary W. Tileston

August 14.

How much did they collect for Serbia on the Sunday in June? I'm hoping in a few days to hand over the new canteen to an Englishwoman, married to a Serbian, who is to run it. It has taken four months to get it going, and I haven't yet received the soldiers to work in it. Two young Macedonian boys have been lent to me temporarily.

American soldiers certainly seem to be doing very well, but I always knew that they would.

I have just bought a pig, as they are the favorite food of the Serbians, and just now are daily becoming dearer. I have so little gasoline that an automobile is almost a mockery. I predict a speedy collapse of some of the enemy powers, and a consequent finish of the war.

There are plenty of vegetables now, with

water-melons and musk-melons galore, only the Serbians love to make stews of everything. Most of the medicines sent out to us from England were stolen on the way — much to my rage. That's the trouble here [in Macedonia], everything is robbed on the trip. Americans are idealistic about the effect of the war on people. I can't say that I think any one out here is improved by it — quite the reverse.

To Mary W. Tileston

September 2.

[Alluding to a volume of letters, she says] My letters would never do to publish, for there is nothing in them.

Owing to a general intrigue, the new canteen was shut for a fortnight for want of men to work in it, but to-day the men have come, and we are again going, with lemonade through the heat of the day, and tea early, when it is cool. My pig is so pleasant in its ways that I hate the thought of killing it. Its favorite amusement is chasing my two geese.

Things look so favorable for a speedy advance into Serbia that I shall stay on for a while

longer, as, after all this time, I want the joy of getting into Serbia. I think all the Serbians will die of broken hearts if we *don't* succeed, as they are confidently counting on going home before Christmas. Why *couldn't* America have come in sooner!

My chauffeur has been in hospital for ten days with malaria, but he is now out again, and I hope our advance will be in time to save him from another attack. This canteen is in a station, so sleep is difficult on account of trains. I've only one bed, so when I sleep in Vertekop, I lie on a sleeping-bag, which is comfortable, but I sometimes think of snakes, as there have been some big ones in the camp. It will be awfully nice to get into Serbia — if we do!

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *September* 30.

At last, we're entering Serbia, and I'm so glad I didn't leave before. I went to a place where the wounded were coming through, and slept in the cloisters of a Greek church for two nights, till the wounded were sent elsewhere. Then I was asked to go in my auto with supplies

to a place in the mountains, three days after the Bulgars had been driven from it. I went part way, and then, as the auto couldn't go on, I put my things into carts, and walked twenty kilometers,[1] over the worst road in the world, through gorgeous scenery, range after range of mountains and forests everywhere. I found eighty-five sick and wounded who had had nothing but water for two days. I gave them tea and milk, and found a wonderful garden, so that we made a most nourishing soup out of bully beef and vegetables. They said if I hadn't come, they would have died. Another ambulance came along, and I left, walking thirty kilometers [2] back to my old haunts. It was most interesting. I found endless munition boxes full, and helmets galore. I also found in the Staff Headquarters a flag which I carried down, and was taken for a Bulgarian by a French soldier! As if a Bulgarian would go about with a flag among the Serbians!

Everything is changed, and I've closed my three canteens, and shall start a fresh one. We

[1] Over twelve miles.
[2] About eighteen miles.

are all awfully pleased, and the Serbs have been wonderful, going over the most difficult territory at the rate of thirty kilometers daily. Fortunately, there is no rain, or the roads would be impassable. I expect the bottom to drop out of this silly old war before two months are over. I have endless things to do, so I'll say good-bye.

To Edith Eustis

USKUB, *November* 6.

Many, many thanks for the money. I've bought milk with it, which is most sorely needed, and in some cases I think it has really saved lives.

The Germans carried away most of the material from here, live-stock, and so forth, but didn't damage the town much. They have destroyed the stations and bridges nearly everywhere, which makes living difficult, as the roads are dreadful. Further up I am told there is more to eat, cheese, eggs, and hens, quite cheap and plentiful. Eggs were eighty cents apiece when I came; they are now twenty. I brought some hens with me, but they haven't laid a

single egg, and I'm eating them, in revenge. Yet a little while more, and I hope to be leaving, with a peaceful world behind me. The Voyvode Mishitch, the Serbian Field Marshal, planned the offensive which has really ended the war.

To Mary W. Tileston

USKUB, *November* 6.

Don't worry if you have long intervals between letters, as it is very hard for me to mail letters now. I came here three weeks ago, and opened a canteen. I had great luck in getting here with my things, as transport is very hard, the roads being nearly impassable. The Germans had no rubber tires on their automobiles, and that has cut the roads to pieces. They destroyed all the bridges and all the railway stations and material that they had time to destroy, but higher up I believe there is less damage.

The Spanish grippe is raging with a high mortality. The Serbians have it badly. They have done magnificently, going thirty kilometers a day over most difficult country, and

being ahead of their transport, having gone too fast, they have been living on war biscuit.

This is a very picturesque town, quite Turkish, with many minarets. I expect to leave here in a few days, as there is more work higher up, and things are still plentiful there. Here, the Bulgarians skinned the country of everything. Shoes cost six hundred *dinars* [1] a pair, eggs were eighty cents apiece, flour three dollars a kilo,[2] sugar eight dollars a kilo, when I came. This is "New Serbia," otherwise Macedonia, and I don't care for Macedonians.

[1] A *dinar* is normally equal to a franc, about twenty cents.
[2] A kilogram is about two pounds.

1919

To Mary W. Tileston

SALONIKA, *January* 9.

Dear Mamma: I hope that you haven't worried over receiving no letters, but I've been in a place where there is no chance to mail letters, nor to receive any. I went to Tcharchak six weeks ago, and have had a canteen there, but there aren't many soldiers, and I shan't stay. I am not quite sure whether I shall start for home shortly, or stay on a little longer, as, until there is demobilization, the soldiers are sent in every direction, and need help more than ever.

The Austrians were at Tcharchak, and, though they drove away all the cattle, took the poultry, stripped the hospitals, and destroyed the electric and water systems, they did not burn and kill and torture as the Bulgarians have done. One soldier had two of his children put into the house, and burned to death. There was another, whose eighty-year old father had his eyes put out, and his old mother was

beaten to death, to make her give up the money which she didn't have, and so forth, and so forth.

The roads are very bad and muddy, and over mountain passes, and the gasoline is scarce, so transport is almost impossible, as all the oxen and horses were taken by the enemy. It has been very mild, fortunately. The great needs of the people are soap, candles, sugar, shoes and stockings, lard, and underclothes. But we need, first, many automobiles and much gasoline.

I hope the family won't have two goes at the grippe. It has been very bad here, but I've escaped. Both my soldiers have been very ill, one with malaria, and one with grippe, for three weeks. I am shopping violently for other people — fifteen have given me things to buy!

To Helen T. Chickering

SALONIKA, *January* 9.

I've been in western Serbia for six weeks, and, six weeks before, lower down, with no letters or newspapers, so I'm awfully behind the times. Tcharchak is a small place, and

was under the Austrians, who, except for arrogance, and driving off the live-stock, and destroying the electric and water systems at the hospitals, and so forth, behaved fairly well. But the Bulgars! They burned villages, carrying off everything, and leaving the inhabitants to starve and freeze. The Bulgarian officers are fearfully arrogant and insolent, quite intolerable.

Until there is demobilization, everything for the soldiers is needed as much as ever. It has been harder since the offensive than before, as the roads are awful, gasoline very scarce, and all the railroad bridges destroyed. It has taken me eight days to come here, a distance of perhaps five hundred kilometers![1] Fortunately, it isn't very cold, for all night in a freight-car in winter is no joke.

To Edith Eustis

BELGRADE, *January* 30.

I was awfully pleased to get your letter and the photos of the children. They are charming, and I'm proud to belong to them.

[1] About three hundred and ten miles.

I wish that something could be done about transport here, both of soldiers and clothing. The soldiers are walking two hundred kilometers [1] or more, with only bread — and no pay — and no one can get the clothing to the people who need it, as the railroads won't be ready for six months. There should be a few hundreds of Fords, if Fiats can't be got, with a ship-load of gasoline, and dozens of spare parts, for the roads are terrible. Hundreds of people could be saved, who will otherwise die of exposure, for now the winter has begun. I am on a boat on the Danube, in a snow-storm, the first of the year, and wondering how I shall get back to Tcharchak, as we had difficulty in getting through in a Fiat before the snow, and it took us over two days to go a hundred and fifty kilometers. [2] I found Miss Simmonds here. She has been here for a month, running one big canteen, and is just going to start two others. I *think* that I may start for home in about a month, as she thinks I could raise money for Serbs in America. I hate to leave

[1] About a hundred and twenty-five miles.
[2] About ninety miles.

before demobilization, but it is so far off that I don't think I can stay till it comes.

There is no air in the cabin, and too much outside, so I am vibrating between the two. It will be nice to go home, but I hate to leave before the end.

To Edith Eustis

BELGRADE, *April* 17.

You are quite right in thinking that work ought to continue, for conditions are almost harder than before the armistice. The lack of transport has made a fearful situation out here, and supplies haven't been sent in anything like large enough quantities. Practically all Serbians need new clothes, besides furniture, and so forth, but that mostly in the districts which have been under the Bulgars, and livestock should be sent out at once.

I've been up here for a week helping Miss Simmonds, on my way home via Fiume, Venice, and so forth. There are three canteens, one for the soldiers passing through, and the others for the soldiers who live in barracks. We are giving out clothing, but there isn't nearly

enough, and every one is mad for civilian relief. When the soldiers are demobilized, they are civilians, and, as they deserve more help than any one else, I want to continue in that line. I expect to leave next week to start for home.

[She reached home on Thursday, May 8. She was very thin and worn, but still full of enthusiasm and intense devotion to the Serbian cause.]

To Marion W. Abbot

NEW HAVEN, *May* 25.

I had hard luck in Washington, as I had a chill (malaria), first in six months, and, after going to the Red Cross (they were all in Europe!), was met by a friend who motored me to her house, and put me to bed, where I stayed till next morning at seven. She motored me about, seeing Washington, till half-past seven, and I took the eight o'clock train to Philadelphia, and had an interview at the Friends' place, 20 South 12th Street, with a Mr. Comfort. They are *wonders*, and going out to work, not joy-riding, or advertising.

I am going to ask Dr. Morton Prince if he would be willing to put an appeal in some medical journal, to ask doctors to send one or two dollars each to buy medical books and instruments for the doctors in devastated Serbia. His name would give confidence. I want awfully for him to start the "adopting" of Serbian children — so much a year, to be educated in England, where I believe there are some places for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, run by people who are doing it for the hopeful cases among children who are left helpless, without support. I'm going home on Tuesday to a thousand million engagements, including dentist's, but I really think I can get something done for Serbia, so I'm feeling very happy.

To Marion W. Abbot

BROOKLINE, MASS., *June* 3.

I've been given a letter of introduction to the Carnegie Peace people, who might consider educating students in either forestry, engineering, or agriculture. My mind is full of schemes and plots, and I'm very happy at finding a hopeful "cause." Third stage t.b.s aren't cheering; neither are merely poor people good material.

Thank you as always for all your kindness, but most of all for being you.

[She sailed from New York July 10.]

To Mary W. Tileston

NAPLES, *July* 24.

I arrived at noon after a comfortable, but not interesting trip. The Mediterranean was not at all calm. However, I spent much time in my state-room, and consequently escaped sea-sickness, and also am well rested. Everything is very dear, and the want of coal and food is bitterly felt.

To Mary W. Tileston

ROME, *July* 27.

I'm leaving to-night for Trieste, Fiume, and Belgrade. It's fairly warm here, but not nearly so hot as it was in America. Food is scarce, dear, and poor. There is no butter, and the bread is very bad, grey, and hard. I don't wonder Italians are very much depressed. I do think we might do more for Italy. It will be very nice to get back among Serbian friends, and at work again.

To Mary W. Tileston

AVALA, *August* 2.

I arrived at Belgrade at noon on the 30th — not at all bad — twenty days from New York. I find that Miss Simmonds is to run a camp for three hundred poor children at Avala, ten miles from Belgrade, so I have come out and joined her. We hope to open in two days. It has rained almost all summer, and to-day is pouring. We have thirty German prisoners to get things ready — needless to say they do as little as possible. The camp will only be open for about two months, and, after that, I don't know what we shall do. I may go in for t.b. work among the ex-soldiers, or for work for the mutilated soldiers. Every one is doing children's work, and I like the soldiers much better.

The Crown Prince is coming out at the end of the week to see the place.

All my things arrived safely, whereas another woman who came out from England has lost *all* her baggage.

But most people do not look after their things at all.

To Edith Eustis

AVALA, *August* 15.

You would love this life, camping out with three hundred kids, and more coming. It's a fairly pretty rolling country, and our tents are under some trees, where a good breeze keeps us cool except in the middle of the day. The Scottish Women's Hospital have a place next to us, so all sick children are at once handed over to them. This place is supplied by the English Relief Commission, but as no one bothers to send us the things out from Belgrade, life is a long struggle to get our supplies. Miss Simmonds and a Miss Tibbets, who is a pleasant middle-aged English woman, are running the show, and as no other mission has more than about fifty children, after months of fussing, we are proud of really getting something done.

To Mary W. Tileston

AVALA, *August* 21.

It's awfully hot, like the weather in June and early July in America, [this year]. We are very busy, as there are nearly four hundred

children, with only three of us to run the show. We have sixteen soldiers and some Serbian women to do the work, but all directing, and so forth, is done by us. There are, also, several teachers with the children, who are to keep them in order. I've been giving out clothes lately. Tents are *very* hot, though mine is open at both ends, so I can get a breeze through — when there is any. The nights are fairly cool, and a few weeks will end it, for it isn't like Macedonia.

There is, unfortunately, a disease among the pigs, like foot-and-mouth disease, and a great many are dying of it. We bought a little pig the other morning, and he died in the evening.

To Edith Eustis

AVALA, *August* 21.

Our days are very full; they begin at half-past six, and end at nine, or so. I go down and superintend the children's breakfast, nearly four hundred of them; then I dash up, and see that our breakfast is O.K., for our old Serbian woman is far from intelligent. Then I see who

CHILDREN'S CAMP AT AVALA

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is sick, give out clothes, see about dinner and supper, and that the lanterns are lighted, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. It's not work that I like, but I found that I was much needed. When everything is running beautifully, I shall probably go into other work. Almost all the soldiers from the Salonika front have been demobilized, and the new recruits don't need care like the old soldiers. But on the Bulgarian border there is still trouble, and, if it keeps up, I may have a canteen somewhere on the road near by. Oh, but it's hot, and the perspiration pours down my face as I write.

To Mary W. Tileston.

AVALA, *August* 28.

We got up at three yesterday, and sent off our first batch of children on the five o'clock train, and to-day a new lot come. They all looked much better for their stay here, and several have returned to ask to stay on. As our old Serbian woman is not a good cook, I do a good deal of cooking,[1] and last night I made popovers, which, with fresh butter, weren't at all

[1] For the household of six or eight.

bad. The cook-book that I brought is a great help, as without it I could do scarcely anything.

The Roumanians seem likely to give trouble about the Banat, which has decided to be Serbian, so I may return hurriedly to canteens. It's a shame if the poor soldiers have to return to the front. This work is most useful, but it's not work that I care for, so I should return with joy to the other.

Your letters arrive in about three weeks, very different from former times.

To Mary W. Tileston

AVALA, *September* 8.

The days are monotonous and busy. Yesterday we superintended a bath for two hundred girls, and gave them all something new — not, alas! more than one thing for each child. And some of those were far too small, as almost everything sent is for little children. It is much better to send for children of eight and ten, as you can take things in, but you cannot make them bigger. We wash the children's heads with kerosene when they arrive, which accounts for my having to do the same to

myself, but now my head is once more uninhabited.

The daughter of Field Marshal Mishitch and her daughter are spending a week here, as she needed a change, and was told that our food was very good. As I do almost all the cooking, I feel flattered.

This camp will close in a few weeks, when the weather gets too cold, and I am not sure what I shall do next. I should like to start a tubercular hospital, as that is the most needed help that no one else is giving, but if anything else is more feasible, we shall do that.

To Edith Eustis

AVALA, *September* 9.

I hear that the Roumanians have cholera, and no supplies, or else they would be fighting us. Materials are still very scarce and high. The villagers bring in provisions, and we exchange salt for them, among other things, and, as there is no salt about, we feel we are doing a kindness to both sides. Apples, blackberries, potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes, eggs, and butter are the chief of what we get in exchange.

To Mary W. Tileston

AVALA, *September* 14.

The Serbian harvest started well, but rain and hail reduced it greatly. Now the grapes are beginning, and, if the present good weather continues, there ought to be a fine crop.

We have had measles, whooping-cough, and malaria among the children, besides numerous small ailments. We have a little dispensary where we can take care of them, and a dentist at the Scottish Women's Hospital, next to our camp, attends to the worst cases of toothache.

To Edith Eustis

AVALA, *September* [Not dated].

We close here on the first. We are now engaged in getting clothes made for the children out of stuff the English have given — the girls sewing their own dresses, and a tailor doing the boys'. We've been awfully lucky about weather, only one rainy day since we started, and only two cold days. Now it's warm and lovely, and every one envies us being out in the country. I am cooking many new dishes, and am now an expert cook, so we have all

grown fat. Walnuts are in season, bigger ones than I ever saw, and grapes are abundant. Altogether, we are living well. All the children look much better for their stay here. Wool is scarce, and stockings are always acceptable, and also flannelette clothes for girls, but usually they are too small; eight and ten year old sizes are the best.

To Mary W. Tileston

AVALA, *October* 6.

Our work here is over, and we are now getting everything packed up. We haven't got a room in Belgrade yet, nor do we know what we shall do next.

We had quite a number of cases of measles, and one very bad case we sent yesterday to the hospital. Things out here are still very unsettled. I have been very busy cooking, the last few days, making the most of the good vegetables, eggs, and so forth, out here. Belgrade is expensive, and awfully overcrowded. The walnuts here are enormous and plentiful, but I've eaten so many that I'm tired of them.

To Mary W. Tileston

October 20.

It has rained part of every day for a fortnight, and is quite raw and chilly. We are fortunate to have finished our work at the camp out of town, as the mud is horribly deep. I expect probably to arrange to have a canteen in the town across the river, where the soldiers have to wait for their trains. But, as no one is interested in soldiers any more, I may find it impossible to buy sugar, without which I cannot carry on. In that case, Miss Simmonds and I may work for the High School students, of whom there are eight thousand in Belgrade.

To Mary W. Tileston

BELGRADE, *October* 28.

I am now waiting to hear just where I can put the canteen I want to start very near the station. A week ago the bridge was finished, across the river, and now the trains come into the city. As the men sometimes arrive late at night, and have nowhere to go, it is especially needed. Demobilization has not yet taken place, and, until Italy quiets down, it can't. Wool, stockings, and all stuffs are much needed.

Fortunately, the corn harvest is good, but the plums aren't a success.

To Arthur Foote

November 6.

Dear Uncle Arthur: Three weeks from to-day is Thanksgiving — and I shan't be able to join in your festivities! I'm so sorry, but, next year — I'll be very present, and come the first and outstay the last guest.

Thank you very much for the cuttings. They are interesting but depressing reading. What has Boston come to! A police strike is the end of all law and order.

The rain has stopped for a few days, and the mud is beginning to dry up. In the villages the mud comes half-way to the knee. Belgrade is paved with cobble-stones, which makes walking very tiring. We have an automobile, of sorts — but it's usually *out* of sorts, and now there is no gasoline.

To Mary W. Tileston

November 7.

I am arranging for a canteen by the station, but getting the necessary permits to buy sugar,

get a place, and so forth, takes a sickening amount of time. One of my soldiers has three children, and is bringing up his dead cousin's three, and is in despair, as he can't buy anything for the few hundred dinars[1] he has to spend.

[Miss Emily Simmonds writes, "After many difficulties, and much delay in finding a place for the canteen, the civil authorities gave us a large room for the purpose on the ground-floor of the Hotel Bregalnitza. It was a fine building, but had been used as Headquarters by the Germans when they occupied Belgrade, and they had injured or destroyed all the doors, windows, and heating apparatus. With the aid of prisoners, we put in windows and doors, had the room whitewashed and painted, and made very clean and cheerful. The average number of soldiers who used it was seven or eight hundred a day. Before long, an adjoining room, with a stove in it, was given us for sleeping

[1] The dinar is the value of a franc, about twenty cents normally, but it was worth only about five cents at that time.

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HOTEL BREGALNITZA
MISS SIMMONDS AND THE SEVEN WORKERS IN FRONT

quarters for those who were sick, accommodating about a hundred and fifty.

"The Mayor had intended to have students on the top floor, but he decided to send them elsewhere, and to give it for the use of poor families whose need was greater.

"I do not think any piece of work could have been more satisfactory. It was entirely Amelia's. I only helped her to get it started and in running order, as I had had much experience the previous year in Belgrade.

"The personnel of the Red Cross in Belgrade have been very congenial, and they, one and all, had a sincere admiration for her, and the pluck she showed in carrying on such a big piece of work."]

To Mary W. Tileston

November 22.

We have been awfully busy getting our canteen started opposite the station. It is in a hotel that is to be used upstairs for housing about two hundred students from the Gymnasium [High School], downstairs for the canteen. We have three rooms to live in upstairs,

a kitchen, sitting-room, and bed-room, and we have made our sitting-room really charming with Serbian embroideries, and so forth, and so forth. It's an ideal situation, as we get the soldiers both from the boat and the trains. The students haven't got in yet, as there is still a lot to do, putting in windows, and so forth. We shall probably give tea to them, and medical attention, and generally supervise their diet, health, and so forth, so we expect to be really busy and useful. I expect to stay till the end of March, when the cold weather ends, and the need for us with it.

To Marion W. Abbot

BELGRADE, *November* 28.

There is a great scarcity of clothing, woollen things, and boots. The American Friends are doing good work, with the English, running an agricultural school for boys on a farm.

To Bertha Bailey

BELGRADE, *December* 15.

My dear Miss Bailey: Happy New Year to you, and to all your nice girls! I should have

written to you long ago, but, when I first returned, I was helping run a camp for four hundred children, where all the food and so forth, was supplied by different English and American missions, so I waited till I could tell you how I am spending the money so generously given me by the girls of Abbot Academy. I have opened a tea canteen for passing soldiers, opposite the railway station, in what was a hotel before the war. We are also opening a place for late arrivals, who get in too late to find accommodation elsewhere, for the station is unheated, and at four in the morning, the men are knocking at the door, begging to be let in out of the cold. For it *is* cold now, after a three days' snow-storm, and every day has been sunless. At the present high rate of exchange, nearly four times the normal, I have been able to get over four thousand dinars for the money you gave me; and that will buy sugar for two months and a half. The Serbs, unfortunately, like their tea very sweet, so it takes four hundred kilos a month to have enough. We get about five hundred men a day, and shall be having more, as they will shortly be demobilized, and there will be a rush

going home. The Ministry of War is opening a place in the building for the disabled soldiers, who come here for their pensions, or to get artificial legs or arms, and has asked us to take charge of it, so we shan't be idle all winter.

All the lower floor is to be for the soldiers, but upstairs they are putting some of the poor people, who cannot pay for rooms elsewhere. They have allowed us three rooms for our personal use, a kitchen, bed-, and sitting-room, so we are very conveniently situated. The soldiers are so grateful, and say that without this place they would be indeed wretched. As there are not uniforms enough for the recruits, the discharged men have their uniforms taken away, and are given old, worn-out clothes in exchange. We have a few shirts, socks, and so forth, and try to fit out the worst cases, but *every* one ought to go home with warm clothing, as they cannot buy any clothing in their villages, even if they had the money. They have not yet got enough sheep to obtain wool to weave themselves clothes, or to make stockings, and so forth. Clothes are the crying need this winter, and boots, which are pitifully scarce. The corn

crop was good, so except in very isolated places, there will not be much starvation, though no one will have enough. Sugar in the shops is twelve dinars a kilo, bacon forty, and lard fifty, while boots range from a hundred and fifty for a poor pair to four hundred dinars for a fairly good one. I get a few cases of malaria, who appreciate greatly sugar-coated American quinine pills,— theirs have no coating, and are horribly bitter. I know — for I've taken them! Wood is very scarce and dear, a hundred dinars a cubic metre, and twenty dinars for cutting it up. There is plenty of wood, but the transport is lacking, till some of the stolen rolling stock is returned. One man came the other day who had been a Comitadji (sharp-shooter) for eight years, since he was fifteen. He was in the war with his eight brothers, and half were killed — for I consider his being half dead made *him* half killed! And he was going home without even a loaf of bread, but I got him some for the journey, and a shirt, socks, and some bacon to eat with his bread. They like, horrible to think, raw bacon! But that's better than live fish, like the Japanese! I expect to come home in

April, when the cold will be over — and the need for me also. Then I shall take the greatest pleasure in coming up to Andover, and renewing the delightful acquaintance with you, and your nice flock. Do thank the girls again, and tell them that their contribution has done a great deal towards making the Serbians' lot a little easier to bear.

I am always very sincerely yours,

AMELIA TILESTON.

To Lucy M. Townsend

BELGRADE, *December* 16.

Happy New Year! And the thought that you have helped make the lot of the Serbian soldiers a little easier, I'm sure pleases you.

I have a tea canteen, opposite the station, for the passing soldiers, of whom we get about five hundred a day. It is in what was a hotel before the war. We have a big room well warmed, with tables, where they can eat, write, and so forth, and, as it is the only warm place where they can stay without paying (seven dinars, francs, a month doesn't give one much extra money!) they are very grateful. Soon

will come demobilization and a big rush. After that, the disabled soldiers will come for their pitiful little pensions, artificial legs, arms, and so forth, so we shan't be idle. As there are not enough uniforms for the recruits, they are taking away the clothes of the demobilized soldiers, and giving them instead old, worn-out clothing. We have a few shirts, socks, and so forth, to give them, but not nearly enough. Clothing is the great want. The food situation is not so bad, as the corn crop was quite good, in spite of endless rains.

The upper part of the hotel is to be filled with poor people who can't afford to pay rent, and we try to help them, too. We have a kitchen, bed-room, and sitting-room upstairs, which is very convenient, as we are always on call. The weather is fairly cold, and we have just had a three days' snow-storm, which makes walking very bad. I do most of our cooking, which I like, fortunately, as Serbians put in too much grease and paprika for our taste. Wood is very dear, as transport conditions are so impossible, for the stolen rolling stock has not yet been returned.

To Mary W. Tileston

BELGRADE, *December* 19.

By some great stupidity, a big pile of letters for me was sent away from here back to Turin, and from there to Heaven knows where. I am awfully cross, and writing to the Dead Letter Office, in case they are there.

We have had more snow, and it's now clear and cold. People daily come here without overcoats, and so forth, and so far I've had shirts and socks to give them, but soon these will be gone. However, I hope to be able to get some more. Everywhere you see people clad in the thinnest of old clothes, for most of the distribution of clothing was so stupidly done that the really poor got nothing.

We have a great deal of pork, as every other meat is horribly tough.

To Mary W. Tileston

BELGRADE, *December* 29.

We are going to a fancy dress party on New Year's Eve, at the Scottish Women's Hospital. I am going as Villa, (owing to the fact that Miss Simmonds has a hat like a sombrero).

AMERICAN FREE CANTEEN

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I have made a moustache out of a piece of fur, and look like an awful villain. I celebrated Christmas by roasting a turkey and giving some to some of the poor people here, and the soldiers who work for us. In three months, I shall be leaving, and on my way home.

To Helen Robbins

BELGRADE, *December* 30.

Many Happy New Years! I expect to go home for keeps the first of April, for with the end of the cold weather, the need for me lessens. Miss Simmonds and I are running a tea canteen opposite the station for passing soldiers, not yet demobilized. There are also fifty poor families in the house whom I try to help, prescribe for when ill, and so forth, and the mutilated soldiers, who come here to be fitted with arms and legs, are also staying for the few days necessary, in the building. We have a big room with tables and benches where the men can sit and smoke, eat their lunch, write letters, and so forth, and another room for the late arrivals to sleep in. It's work that no one else would do, so I feel it's worth while. One of the English

missions has given me some shirts, socks, and so forth, to give to the worst clothed soldiers. However, I shall be awfully glad to go home, as I don't think my powers of working are inexhaustible. Much love to you and to F. I do love your place on the lake, and look forward to another rest.

1920

To Edith Eustis

BELGRADE, *January* 3.

Happy New Year to you all! We celebrated New Year's by having Mr. Gordon-Smith, a Scotch war correspondent from Washington, who is taking back this letter, and the Honorable Mrs. Haverfield,[1] to dinner; soup, roast goose, and so forth, cooked by me, and a pudding sent out from England to Miss Simmonds — a very good dinner. I'm getting ready for the Serbian Christmas, when I shall have a treat for the forty poor children who live in this house, cocoa, rolls and jelly, and candy, and some clothing given me by the American Red Cross. I shall also have some clothes for the women, given by an English Serbian Relief Fund, rolls for the seven or eight hundred soldiers who come to the canteen, cigarettes for the men at the Home for Disabled Soldiers, and wine and cigarettes for the

[1] The Honorable Mrs. Haverfield died of pneumonia in March, 1920. She was a great loss. She had just opened an orphanage with her own money, and had over eighty children in it.

men at the Blind Soldiers' Home, besides giving money to various poor families in the house for their Christmas dinner. As there are always a few people ill here, to whom I give medicine, hot-water bottles, broths, cocoa, and so forth, I am quite busy. I feel that this winter will be a hard one here; after that, things should be easier.

To Helen T. Chickering

BELGRADE, *January* 3.

I confess that I shan't be sorry to turn my face toward home in the spring, for I'm rather tired of misery. One soldier who came to-day had his nose, hands, and ears cut off by the Albanians, and was then thrust into the fire. He's an awful sight, but is happily eating beans with the stumps of his hands.

To Edith Eustis

January 12.

Many, many thanks for the money. I shall use part of it to buy food for the mutilated soldiers who spend a few days here on their way to get artificial limbs. Also, I shall pay the rent for some poor families that I know,

and buy extra food for the sickly ones. Altogether, you have no idea how much it will do. I am kept quite busy, and it is doing work that would otherwise not be done, so I feel satisfied. An English Mission is to give me women's clothes, and the American Red Cross have given me some sweaters and socks for the invalid soldiers, so I am very popular — temporarily. We have had several presents of parts of roast pig, so we are eating like the Serbians. Thank Posy for the butter suggestion, but, now I can buy butter, and make hot rolls to put it on, I am far better nourished than before.

To Edith Eustis

January 25.

Miss Simmonds leaves to-morrow for Ragusa, to open a disinfecting station for the American Red Cross, for returning Jugo-Slav prisoners, so I shall be alone.

To Mary W. Tileston

January 25.

I am very busy, giving out clothes to the women and children of the place, and also to

the soldiers, who are being sent home after they have had to give up their overcoats, and so forth. I get up at four every morning, and go across the road to the station, and give sweaters or mufflers to the neediest soldiers, also cigarettes. Then I come back and sleep for a couple of hours before I get up for the day. It's quite cold now, and I expect it will soon snow. I also have several patients for whom I cook little delicacies, largely rice pudding, which they adore, and cocoa.

To Mary W. Tileston

BELGRADE, *February* 8.

One nice old man is quite ill here, and, as he is all alone, I am taking care of him, and pay an old woman to keep things clean. Great is the power of money, and four dinars instead of one makes one rich.

To Winslow W. Churchill

BELGRADE, *February* 8.

I am very busy, as I get up at quarter of four to heat tea for the invalid soldiers who leave on the early train. I also give cigarettes

AMELIA'S ROOM AND SVETOZAR

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to the other soldiers on it, and, when I have them, socks, sweaters, and shirts to the men who have been demobbed, and are going home in old clothes, without coats or blankets. They travel for three or four days in unheated box-cars, and it's very cold now. The uniforms are needed for the recruits. I also give cocoa or rice pudding to forty children in the house, look after the sick people, and am to run the kitchen for the invalided soldiers who spend a few days in Belgrade, seeing about artificial limbs, pensions — thirty dinars a month — and so forth, and so forth. I have about seven hundred a day in the canteen, besides sleeping accommodations for about a hundred and fifty. The need for me will end with the cold weather, so I shall leave in April.

The illness which ended her life of service on earth began on Wednesday, February 11. She was sick for six days in her room, where Svetozar waited on her, and she supposed that it was simply a fresh attack of malaria. On Monday, the 16th, she felt much worse; her

heart was very weak, and she sent for Dr. Kopchah, a Serbian friend, who gave her temporary relief. The next day, he found that she had pneumonia, and she was taken in the afternoon to the Scottish Women's Hospital, which was near the canteen. There she was found to be in a critical condition. Everything possible was done for her, and she was nursed day and night with unwearied devotion; but her heart had been so much weakened by malaria that, although she appeared so well and strong, she could not bear the strain of the pneumonia, after all that she had been through.

When her heart collapsed, she courageously faced death, and she wrote in pencil, evidently with difficulty, short notes to her mother and brothers and sisters, containing words of affection and farewell and absolute faith in reunion. She wrote, also, directions about her canteen, and a note to the American Legation, saying that she wished to be buried in Belgrade.

One of her nurses wrote, "She was very peaceful and quiet and patient. At first, she said that she had a pain in her side, but she

soon said that it was better, and she did not seem to suffer any more. A good deal of the time, she was murmuring *Dobro*,[1] and her expression was very sweet — at times remarkably so." In her delirium, she talked about her work, and about the Serbs, and nearly always in their language. Even in her delirium, she was quiet, lying still and talking softly in Serbian. She was unconscious the day she died, and passed away peacefully at a quarter before four in the afternoon of February twenty-second.

Her funeral, the following Tuesday, in Belgrade, was an outpouring of love and gratitude from great multitudes. As a tribute to her work for Serbia, the municipality gave the burial plot. After the service in the little English Chapel, the casket, covered with the American flag and a profusion of flowers, was placed in a military ambulance and taken to the cemetery outside the city. It was preceded by the Prince Regent's band and followed by a procession over a mile long, consisting of the

[1] *Dobro* means "Good," "That's good," and "All right." It is constantly used to express satisfaction and assent.

American Colony, representatives of the Prince Regent and of the Ministries of Foreign Affairs and of War, all the regiments in the city, all the school-children, and thousands of Serbians. It is well that her grave should be where it will continually recall her to the memory of those whom she loved and served so devotedly.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

A memorial service was held in King's Chapel, Boston, on Friday, April 9. Reverend Henry Wilder Foote read the service, and the organ was played by her uncle, Arthur Foote. The Serbian and American flags were in the chancel.

SERVICE IN MEMORY OF

AMELIA PEABODY TILESTON

KING'S CHAPEL

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

PSALM XC.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as

yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.

HYMN, "The Son of God goes forth to war."

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions:

if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace.

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light

rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday; and the Lord shall guide thee continually.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or

naked, and clothed Thee? or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

HYMN. "Ten thousand times ten thousand."

PRAYERS.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for all who have walked in Thy light, and especially for those near to us and dear, in whose lives we have seen Thine excellent glory and beauty. May we know that out of the body as in the body they are with Thee, and that, when these earthly days come to an end, it is not that our service of Thee and of one another may cease, but that it may begin anew. Make us glad in all who have faithfully lived; make us glad in all who have peacefully died. Lift us into light and love and purity and blessedness; and give us at last our portion with those

who have trusted in Thee, and sought in all things to do Thy holy will. And unto Thy blessed name do we ascribe all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

O merciful and gracious Lord, lift up our hearts to that world which is the soul's true home, and grant that with the loosing of these earthly ties we may care more for the things of eternal life; so that when our call shall come, we may leave this world in peace, having been faithful over that which Thou hast appointed us, and being ready to enter into the company of the blessed, and to share the eternal joys of Thy Kingdom above, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, our only true and lasting light, look upon us with Thy constant mercy; when our eyes no longer behold those whom we have loved, we turn to Thee. Strengthen our faith that though gone from our sight, they are in some other of Thy divine mansions; and that one day the door of death shall open, and we, passing through, shall behold them radiant

with Thy life. Comfort us, strengthen us, guide us to the end, and afterward receive us to Thy glory. Amen.

Almighty God, Lord of all saints and of all souls, look upon us, and so guide and govern us by Thy spirit that we may come at last to take part with that great host who, looking back upon the way in which they have been led, praise and magnify Thy holy name. Amen.

HYMN. "For all the saints who from their labors rest."

ADDRESS.

We have met to-day to honor the memory of one who died at her post like a true soldier, working for the relief of the Serbians, as she had done during several years of the war. We can feel that her life has not been thrown away, but rather offered up in a cause worth the sacrifice.

She had always helped the poor and unfortunate, the lonely and the sad, in many ways,

and the world war brought such an appeal to her sympathy, that she could not be happy unless she gave herself with all her powers to the relief of the suffering which it caused.

She went abroad in October, 1914, and nursed awhile in a hospital in England. Then she went to France and Italy to do relief work. There she was told of the typhus epidemic which was raging in Serbia, and of their great need of assistance. She went there with a friend, but circumstances arose which obliged her to give it up and come away, to her intense disappointment. Her one idea from that time was to return there, and she studied the Serbian language assiduously, in the hope that she might find the desired opportunity.

She went abroad again in March, 1916, determined to find a way of serving them and she remained there until her death, coming home only once.

Her chief work, for a year and a half, was carrying on canteens or comfort stations in Macedonia, near the Serbian frontier, for the soldiers who were on the last stage of their long cold march back to the front lines after

having been in the hospital. She gave them the only hot food they had on their weary march of several days. Many were barefoot, and she took care of their blistered feet, giving them medicine also, if they needed it, and, above all bestowing on them a sisterly kindness and sympathy. When they had driven the Bulgarians out of their country, she followed them into Serbia in the same canteen service.

She came home last year in May, and spent two months in this country. She was much worn, but could not be persuaded to stay long enough to rest, for she felt that she would be specially needed during the following months.

Last winter, in Belgrade, she and Miss Simmonds carried on a canteen opposite the railway station, where from four to eight hundred soldiers a day stopped, as they passed through on their journey to their homes. The large room where they spent the evening, and had refreshments and a chance to write letters, was the only place in the city where they could stay and be warm, without payment. A number of those who were not well, spent the night in an adjoining room. At four o'clock

in the morning she took hot tea, and sweaters and mufflers when possible, to give them before they started on their journey of three or four days, in unheated box-cars. Then she rested for a couple of hours, before beginning her regular day's work. She also took care of many sick people, cooked them delicacies, distributed clothing to the poor, and was called on for help and sympathy continually all day long.

She kept up this work till February 11, when she began to be ill, and pneumonia developed on Tuesday, the 17th. She died peacefully on Sunday afternoon, February 22, after receiving most devoted and skilful care at the Scottish Women's Hospital.

Her funeral was a tribute of love and gratitude to her and, without doubt, to America as well. She was borne to the cemetery outside the city on a military ambulance, draped with the American flag, and covered with flowers, and followed by a procession over a mile long, consisting of representatives of the Government, all the regiments in the city, all the school children, and thousands of Serbians.

She gave herself with full devotion to those whom she thus helped with such warm, unwearied personal interest. She spared not herself in any of the exhausting labor of giving food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, shelter to the weary, of visiting the sick, and of binding up the wounds of those who had borne the weight of battle.

"And the voice that was softer than silence said,
'Lo, it is I, be not afraid.
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hath spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood, that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.'"

Benediction.

The Lord bless you, and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His

countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

ORGAN. Serbian National Hymn.

"The Star Spangled Banner."

TRIBUTES TO HER MEMORY

TRIBUTES TO HER MEMORY

From Colonel Dr. Petkovitch to Emily Simmonds

NISH.

Dear Miss Simmonds: Three days ago I received your very kind letter, and I am trying to send you the answer as soon as possible.

Really the death of our friend is a non-reparable loss for our Serbian people, and the mourning of our soldiers, comforted by her, will be everlasting.

But your loss is greater; you have lost a war fellow and friend that has supported all the fortunes and the misfortunes — such a friend is the greatest of God's gifts — but at the same time you must have pride because you were collaborating with her. You two have done splendid work in the right way under most difficult conditions, and she has given her earthly life for holy work, as all the great workers have done.

The American nation can be very satisfied

and proud to have had such a veritable Jeanne d'Arc in the most Christian meaning, like our Maid of Kossovo, who is fighting without sword, but always comforting the wounded and exhausted soldiers.

Alas! it is a loss for humanity that her work was so little known during her life, and that she should have had so much trouble from the people whose duty it was to help her. I can never forget the splendid work she did for our soldiers at Vladova, in spite of all obstacles. I remember in July, 1918, she came to see me at Tressina, and told me she had walked all the way from Vertekop, about thirty kilometers. I took her back in the car, and we had chosen the road exposed to shell-fire. She was very proud and satisfied, and said to me, "What a pity Miss —— is not with us, as she would be so pleased to have her car driven on the bombarded road."

She was a hero as much as any one fighting on the battle-field, and her mother and yourself should not mourn, but be proud that she has given her life in the cause. That is the Serbian custom, and a good one.

From Madame Sophie Gielniewska to Mrs. Mary W. Tileston

SALONICA, *April* 5, 1920.

Dear Madam: You mourn your daughter, and I mourn an admirable friend that I have known and esteemed years and years! I received the sad news of Miss Tileston's death a few days ago, and I cannot express all the pain I felt! I am very sorry for you, dear Madam, still I must congratulate you on such a splendid daughter. A noble soul, generous, most charitable, and a real Christian without selfishness, always thinking of others, and working for the most destitute Serbian soldiers, and the numerous refugees that flocked from all sides.

Dear Miss Tileston acted as only real saints act. She gave up the comfort, the little luxuries of her social standing, to live among poor peasants, talking soothing words to them in their own language, eating the same rough food, sleeping in the same primitive abodes — she, used to dainties and intellectual circles — this splendid New England woman!

I have heard simple Serbian soldiers speak in high terms of her, saying, "She gives away all

she has, and never forgets anybody." Her modesty was equal to her divine charity. May the Serbian earth weigh light on her mortal rests! Her funeral was military, splendid — many wept.

A few weeks ago, she wrote to me that she had the intention to return to America, but would visit me, and rest some days here in Salonica, at my old Turkish house that she liked so well, and named it an oasis in the desert. Hélas! she has gone to the eternal rest, and I saw the last of her last year, before she sailed for the States.

In our days of suffering, miseries, social changes, it is a great moral comforting to think that there are real Christians who have pure notions of the duties of a true follower of Christ. Alas! dear Miss Tileston might have helped still so much, and it is very sad she had to die now. She was overworked, and had roughest years and years.

Dear Madam, please accept the sincere expression of my most sincere feelings.

Your child's friend,

SOPHIE GIELNIEWSKA.[1]

[1] See pages 62 and 120.

From Emily Simmonds to Edith Eustis

May 18, 1920.

Indeed, you have cause to be proud of Amelia. There is not enough that can or will be said of all that she has done in Serbia. Certainly no other one American woman has her wonderful record. She was most unselfish and untiring — many times I have tried to get her to rest a little. Looking back, it seems to me that she somehow must have known, and was trying to get it all into the shortest space of time. The "old soldier" [1] she was so interested in did not have pneumonia, but went to the hospital, where he was transferred to a convalescent place, and I am still trying to trace him. There are so many of these poor people to whom she gave back the wish to live, just by her helpfulness and sympathy.

EMILY SIMMONDS.

From Thomas W. Farnum [2] *to Wilder Tileston*

NEW HAVEN, *March* 2, 1920.

I saw the notice of your sister's death in the morning paper. A flood of recollections comes

[1] See page 166.

[2] Mr. Farnum had been in Serbia on a tour of inspection for the Red Cross.

to me of Serbia, its mountains and valleys, its people and their difficulties, and the courage with which they've risen to meet the reconstruction problems. No one knows better than I what a tremendous factor, in restoring and fostering their courage, the life your sister has laid down has been. Working alone much of the time, under terrible conditions, she made every sacrifice to help with personal service the peasants she was so fond of.

The last time I saw her in Belgrade I could see the physical strain had begun to weaken her, but, though she admitted being tired, there was no wavering in her spirit, and in her determination to keep on. She gained the greatest satisfaction one can gain, that of knowing she had won the love of the people she was working with and for.

My admiration is so sincere that I cannot help writing, with the hope that your sorrow may be lessened a little bit by my testimony. She has completed a splendid work in a brave, fine way. What more can any one ask of life!

McGrath-Sherrill Press
GRAPHIC ARTS BLDG.
BOSTON